

THE FOUNDING OF BELLA COOLA

A NORWEGIAN SETTLEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, TYPICAL
OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CANADA

By *IVER FOUNGNER*



N a north-westerly direction from the cities of Victoria and Vancouver lies the remarkable labyrinth of fjords, straits and islands which constitutes the Pacific Coast of Canada. Even the least observant of travellers enjoying a summer voyage along these pleasant waters must have been struck with the deliciousness of the climate, the vastness of the territory, and the scarcity of white people. Fishing, lumbering and mining are the chief industries, and when properly developed will undoubtedly be able to support a large population. In recent years some scattered agricultural colonies have also been established along the northern coast, mostly by Scandinavians. The Danes have formed a settlement at Cape Scott, the Swedes at Quatsino Sound (both on Vancouver Island), and the Norwegians at Bella Coola on the mainland. The establishment of the last named will be the subject of this sketch.

The emigration from Norway to America has been heavy during the last decade; in 1903 it reached beyond 30,000. The Norse emigrant, as a rule, finds his way to the central states of the Northwest, and seems particularly to have been drawn to the prairies of Minnesota. Here he is found in all the walks of life; as a public servant he has filled positions from that of chairman of the town board to that of

governor of the state. Though perhaps not so skilful or painstaking an agriculturist as his German neighbour or so apt and daring a financier as the native American, in self-reliance, industry and ability to adapt himself to the conditions of a new country, he has hardly a superior. It is thus as a pioneer farmer that he has been most successful; of this thousands of well-built homesteads bear witness. Sometimes we find that the owners of these in their younger days ploughed no



REV. C. SAUGSTAD
FOUNDER BELLA COOLA COLONY



BELLA COOLA—MAIN ST., INDIAN VILLAGE

other fields than the northern seas, or knew no other harvests but the herring and the cod.

No section of Minnesota is so thoroughly Norse as parts of the Red River Valley. It was here in the town of Vineland, Polk County, that the movement originated which led to the formation of the most northerly agricultural colony of the Pacific coast. In the spring of 1894, when the financial depression of the country, and the severity of the winter weather had produced a certain discontent among the farmers of the West, two delegates, Rev. C. Saugstad and Mr. A. Stortroen, were selected to go to the west coast for the purpose of finding a place fit for a new settlement. Upon their return in July, Rev. Saugstad gave an account of his journey in the church at Neby. The large building was filled, and the audience listened attentively to the traveller's tale of his

tour through Washington and British Columbia.

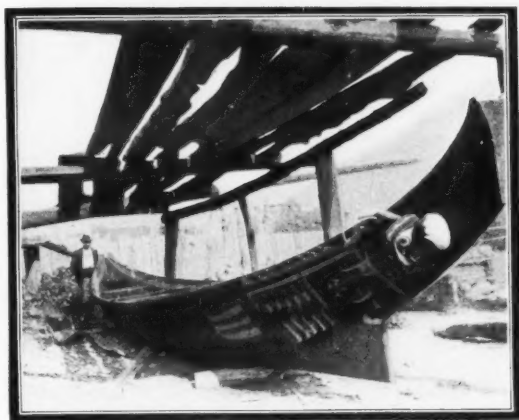
In the last named place he had visited the Bella Coola Valley, which the Government through Col. James Baker, Minister of Immigration, had promised to reserve for the proposed settlement; and if a colony of at least thirty families was established, a waggon road would be built at public expense, and each settler granted 160 acres of land free as a homestead. It was evident that the favourable description was well received. The next meeting of those interested was held at a schoolhouse west of Crookston. Here a colony was organised, a constitution adopted, and officers elected as follows: President, C. Saugstad; Vice-President, Peter Boukind; Secretary, H. B. Christenson; Treasurer, E. Fosbak; Members of Council: Peter Thoreson and I. Fougner. The officers

were to be elected for one year.

The elected president was a strong, well-built man, of practical and varied experience, then near sixty years of age. Besides being an eloquent and forceful preacher, he was the author of hymns, for which he had also composed the music. After his death a



BELLA COOLA—INDIAN MONUMENT BEARING CHILD'S COFFIN



BELLA COOLA—A SALT-WATER CANOE BUILT BY THE INDIANS

manuscript of a novel was found among his papers. He owned a farm, and in his younger days had worked in the pineries of Wisconsin.

The news of the undertaking spread far and wide through the press, and when the day of departure arrived the membership had reached 83. Among these were representatives from five states, viz.: Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North and South Dakota.

In the morning of October 17th the expedition was ready to leave Crookston for Winnipeg. The station was crowded with relatives who came to bid farewell, and by others who came to scoff, or were led by mere curiosity. Many a remark was then made prophesying ill of the venture. Nothing of interest occurred on the way till the Rocky Mountains were crossed. At Sicamous Junction Lord and Lady Aberdeen with two of their children entered the train. His Excellency the Governor-General tendered a hearty welcome to the colonists, to which Rev. Saugstad responded. About

noon on the 20th the expedition passed through busy Vancouver, and embarked for the picturesque capital of the province, which was reached the same evening. A week's stay was necessary here in order to arrange matters with the Government, and to provide the needed tents, tools and provisions.

Having received an addition of five new members from Seattle, and accompanied by a Government surveyor, Mr. P. J. Leech, then an old man of 70, the colonists embarked on the *Princess Louise* for their new

homes. While in Queen Charlotte Sound a meeting was called for the purpose of agreeing upon some just and practical way of taking up the land in Bella Coola. Rev. C. Saugstad occupied the chair; the meeting opened by singing a hymn well known to Norwegians: "I Jesu navn skal al vor gjerning ske." After considerable discussion it was decided that the colonists organise into parties of four; each party to receive a section of land, and this to be drawn by lot; the individual



BELLA COOLA—A SETTLER'S NEW HOME



BELLA COOLA—CELEBRATING MAY 24TH, 1904

members of the parties to sub-divide their sections later as they saw fit. Lots were then drawn, and thus each man had some idea of where his land was located. In this way a great deal of rivalry and confusion was undoubtedly avoided, and in the main this arrangement proved satisfactory. In the morning of the 30th of October the course was changed to east, as the Namu harbour was passed, in order to go up the long, narrow inlet leading to Bella Coola; the anchor was dropped about 2 p.m.

The first impression was not encouraging; out of the sea rose the almost perpendicular mountains dark with evergreens, their tops hidden by fog; to eastward we could see the valley, which seemed like a mere fissure in the immense mountain masses. To add to the strangeness and oddness of the picture, the ship was soon surrounded by Indian canoes, whose dusky occupants, men, women and children from the near lying reserve, kept up a continual chatter in the guttural language peculiar to this tribe. With the Indians, however, came a sign of civilisation: a ten-year-old girl, Bertha Thor-

sen, whose father, a retired sea captain, had then lived on the reservation for a year. Clad in a light dress, with the fair complexion which is the birthright of the children of the Northland, she seemed an apparition from another and better world, sent to bid the strangers welcome.

As there was no wharf or landing-place, the Indians had to be employed to take the passengers and goods ashore in their canoes. The proposed camping-place on the reservation was half a mile up the river on the north side. The tide being low and the current strong, it was late in the evening and dark before everything was safe on land, and well toward midnight before the tents were pitched, so the people could seek the much needed rest.

We were now on historic ground; it was from the mouth of the Bella Coola river that Sir Alexander Mackenzie a century before had beheld the first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean after having performed that memorable exploit, the first journey across the North American Continent.

He proceeded for some distance down the inlet before he turned to



BELLA COOLA—A SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND THE NUSATSUMI MOUNTAINS

retrace his steps east across the mountains. Before his return he mixed together some vermilion and grease and painted on the flat surface of a rock this brief memorial :

"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

But to come back to modern times : The next day the camp presented a busy scene ; the tents had to be stretched, wood provided and numerous other matters arranged for a longer stay. The natives soon appeared in great numbers demanding to be paid for yesterday's landing. As their charges seemed unreasonable and to ascertain who had been employed was impossible, they at last grew very clamorous. When, however, Mr. John Clayton, the resident merchant, appeared, the affair was amicably settled.

The Indian reservation comprises both sides of the river and reaches three miles up the stream ; it contained at this time about 200 souls, a wretched remnant of a once powerful tribe. The white population of the valley consisted of the merchant already

mentioned and the Methodist missionary with their families besides a few settlers who were recent arrivals.

The river was large when we came, and as the weather grew milder with a steady downpour of rain, it increased daily. It now presented a truly imposing spectacle, as the swift current, dark grey with sediment, rolled toward the sea carrying with it immense trees with roots and branches as they had been washed from the banks. Down the mountain sides followed slide upon slide of snow and stones, producing a sound like distant thunder. The Indians, who had seldom seen the river so high, saw in this the work of the guardian spirits of the place, who thus sought to repel the threatening invasion of their ancient domain. Indeed it seemed that the whole valley was coming down, and we thus should be saved the trouble of going up.

During our stay here several exploration parties proceeded up the valley on foot ; the reports they brought back were varied and generally unfavourable. To some it seemed madness to settle in so isolated a place where there were no natural meadows and the timber



A SALMON CANNERY ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST

so heavy; others found the soil too sandy and subject to overflow. Some now determined to return to their prairie homes by the first steamer; the great majority, however, remained firm.

After two weeks the river had subsided so far that the Indians could be prevailed upon to go up in their canoes. One load after another was now seen slowly moving up the river, and soon the reserve only contained those who intended to return. Ascending the Bella Coola river is a very arduous undertaking; the current is so swift

that the canoes have to be propelled by means of long, slender poles; paddles are used only in crossing the current. In his canoe the native is seen at his best; it is an interesting sight to watch the Indians ascend or descend a rapid with a loaded canoe.

Once upon their lands, the settlers at once commenced to fell trees and build houses; a work that is going on to this day. Though the clearings are yet comparatively small, they are increasing year by year. Up to the present the road-work has required many men and the ma-

jority have found it necessary to spend part of the summer at the salmon canneries, where work is obtained at wages ranging from \$50 to \$100 per month with board.

The first public meeting of the colony was held January 5th, 1895, at Erick Nordschow's house. A request was then sent to the surveyor to commence the building of a trail. Provision was also made for the holding of regular public meetings the first Saturday of every month during the winter, for the purpose of discussing matters



BELLA COOLA—MAKING HAY ON A NEW FARM



BELLA COOLA—THE FOUNDER'S FARM

pertaining to the welfare of the settlement. In March a report of the progress of the colony was sent to the provincial government, stating that the permanency of the settlement was assured, as thirty houses had been built and considerable land cleared. Upon receipt of this, orders were given to commence the building of the wagon-road, a work which has been very expensive and which is not yet completed.

Among the colonists were many single men, while the married members with the exception of three had left their families behind. On May 6th, an addition of sixty members was received, mainly women and children, and another party of forty-five arrived next November. Since then immigration has been small.

There were now many children in the valley and through the promptness of the government, that in this province defrays all expenses connected with public education in rural districts, a school was opened in November with

one of the colonists as teacher. For the first six weeks a large tent, provided by the settlers, was used; the floor was mother earth, the teacher's desk a huge spruce block which on Sundays served Rev. Saugstad as pulpit; the children sat on boards sawed by hand; the tables were produced in the same way. Now there are two schools with well-built houses of hewed cedar timber, supplied with modern desks and other requisites. The public school is a prominent feature in Scandinavian settlements. While the home and the church generally teach the children to read and write the languages of Scandinavia, English as a rule is acquired more readily.

March, 1897, was destined to give a sad blow to the settlement. Rev. Saugstad then returned from a business trip to Victoria, seriously ill. He reached his humble home, the log hut he loved so well, and died the next day. Of the original colonists he was the first to pass away; and among the tall firs stands a wooden cross to mark

his last resting place. The following extracts are taken from his diary of the first winter in British Columbia.

Dec. 15, 1895—Snowing a little; laboured with the timber for the house; was wet with snow and perspiration all day. God be thanked for health and all.

Jan. 11, Friday—Slept the first night in my own house. Rested soundly and well. God be thanked for a house of my own.

After Saugstad's death Christian Carlson was elected President; to fill his place as pastor Rev. Edward Hage of the Lutheran Free Church was called.

The bottom of the valley is mostly low and level with some plateaus; its width is from one to two miles. The main settlement is on the south side of the river and extends about eighteen miles from salt water. All the land is more or less timbered, principally with fir, cedar and spruce; a great variety of deciduous trees and shrubs is also found. The woods afford good pasture for cattle during summer time. The climatic conditions may be said to be very pleasant and favourable for agriculture and fruit raising. Last year our warmest day was June 9th with 97°, and the coldest night March

2nd, 1° above zero. The rainfall in summer is sufficient for the various crops; last winter the snow was two feet deep and disappeared the last days of March. Thunderstorms may be said to be almost unknown; fog is also very rare close to the ground. Small fruits grow abundantly, as do apples, plums and cherries.

Large wild animals are not found in great numbers; the most numerous are the bear, the mountain-goat and the porcupine. Our hunters have as a rule some interesting encounters with the grizzly bear in the spring and fall.

Salmon ascends the river nearly the year round; six different varieties are known, four of which are very palatable.

After half a day's climb up the mountain a splendid bird's eye view of the valley is obtained. The treetops seem a vast level expanse of lighter or darker green; through this winds the river like a silver cord. Here and there the blue smoke rises from a settler's home, but the clearings, except those right below us, are barely visible at this distance. Around this peaceful scene stand the grand giants of the Coast Range, silent guards of a hopeful colony.

THE VEIL OF THE SOUL

BY INGLIS MORSE

HOW oft the body seems
A veil that hides the dreams
Of Life's true loveliness—
And thoughts that soothe and bless
Each soul that wanders through
Love's happy fields anew!
The shades of fallen day
Rule here, where passion's sway
Holds slave the lofty aim,
Enkindling the Flame
That leaves but dust
And dead hopes—weakening trust.

Yet, if Affinity
Holds ever true and free,
Then shall body and soul
Into one perfect whole
Bind up the waking thought
And dream that came unsought.
Lo, from their union strange
And sweet, denying change—
Song upon song shall rise
To the peaceful skies,
And sound as some far-off chime
Blown on the lips of Time!



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY

PHOTO BY GREEN, ST. JOHN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 55—THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM PUGSLEY



HE Hon. William Pugsley, although he has been more or less in public life for nearly twenty years, is not primarily a politician. His political life has been quite subservient to his career as a great lawyer, which is the capacity in which he stands highest before the public. He has taken up politics as a sort of side issue, but it has never been allowed to interfere with his legal interests, but on the contrary has been made to assist them. This is quite different from the ordinary experience of public men who usually find that the law and politics do not harmonise well.

Dr. Pugsley, for he is a D.C.L. of the University of New Brunswick, was born in Sussex, N.B., fifty-five years ago. He comes from good Loyalist

stock, his great-grandfather having been a resident of New York, who came to Nova Scotia at the close of the Revolutionary War. William Pugsley was brought up on a farm, which is the school in which many of our successful men have been taught. He graduated B.A. at the University of New Brunswick in 1868 with much distinction, standing second for the Gilchrist Scholarship in the competition of that year. He was called to the Bar of New Brunswick in June, 1872, and from that time to the present has been actively engaged in the practice of the law, doing a very large and lucrative business.

Dr. Pugsley is regarded as one of the greatest lawyers in Canada, and he stands higher in this respect than any other member of the New Bruns-

wick Bar. He was reporter of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick for ten years, and he has been engaged in the most important cases, on one side or the other, which have arisen during the past twenty years in his native province.

His political career did not begin until 1885, when he was returned to the New Brunswick House of Assembly at a bye-election, on the death of the sitting member, Dr. Vail. He was re-elected at the general elections of 1886 and 1890. He was Speaker of the House from March, 1887, to May, 1889, when he resigned to become a member of the Executive Council and Solicitor-General. He resigned this position in 1892, and retired from politics. He did not offer at the general elections in 1892 and 1895, but at the general election of 1896 he stood as an independent candidate for the city of St. John, for the House of Commons. Up to that time Dr. Pugsley had been regarded as a Conservative, and he actually received the Conservative nomination for the House of Commons for the county of Kings. But owing to the action of the Conservative Government with respect to the port of St. John, in ignoring its claims to be placed on an equal footing with Halifax, he changed his attitude towards the Government, declin-

ed the nomination for Kings, and appeared as an opponent in St. John. He was defeated, but his candidature was the means of electing a Liberal. From that time Dr. Pugsley was not regarded as being a member of the Conservative party, and he is now ranked as a Liberal.

In 1899 Dr. Pugsley was again elected to represent the county of Kings in the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, and on the re-organisation of the Government, due to the retirement of Hon. Mr. Emmerson in 1900, Dr. Pugsley became Attorney-General, which office he has held ever since. He is regarded as one of the strongest men in the Government, being a man of great resourcefulness and equal to any emergency. He is an excellent speaker, and has at all times the full command of a very vigorous and clear intellect. No one ever saw him angry or even showing signs of vexation, and this is an immense advantage to any one in public life. The New Brunswick Legislature, since he became one of its leaders, has grown to be a school of politeness, which it would benefit many members of other deliberative bodies to visit, to see how smoothly and efficiently the public business can be conducted without undue heat or "ill-advised asperity."

James Hannay.

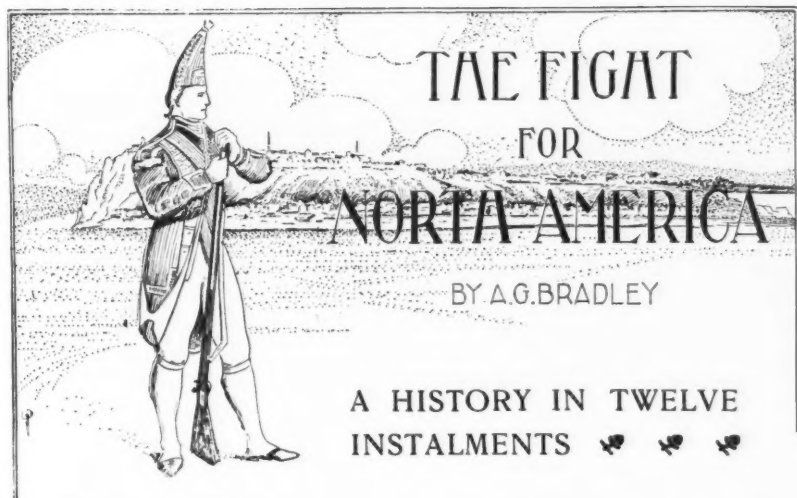
THE GREATER LIFE

BY IDA HANSON

"I am the resurrection and the life,"

Thus saith the Lord; and these, His magic words,
With deepest thoughts and hidden meanings rife,
Have soothed and cheered the most forlorn of souls.

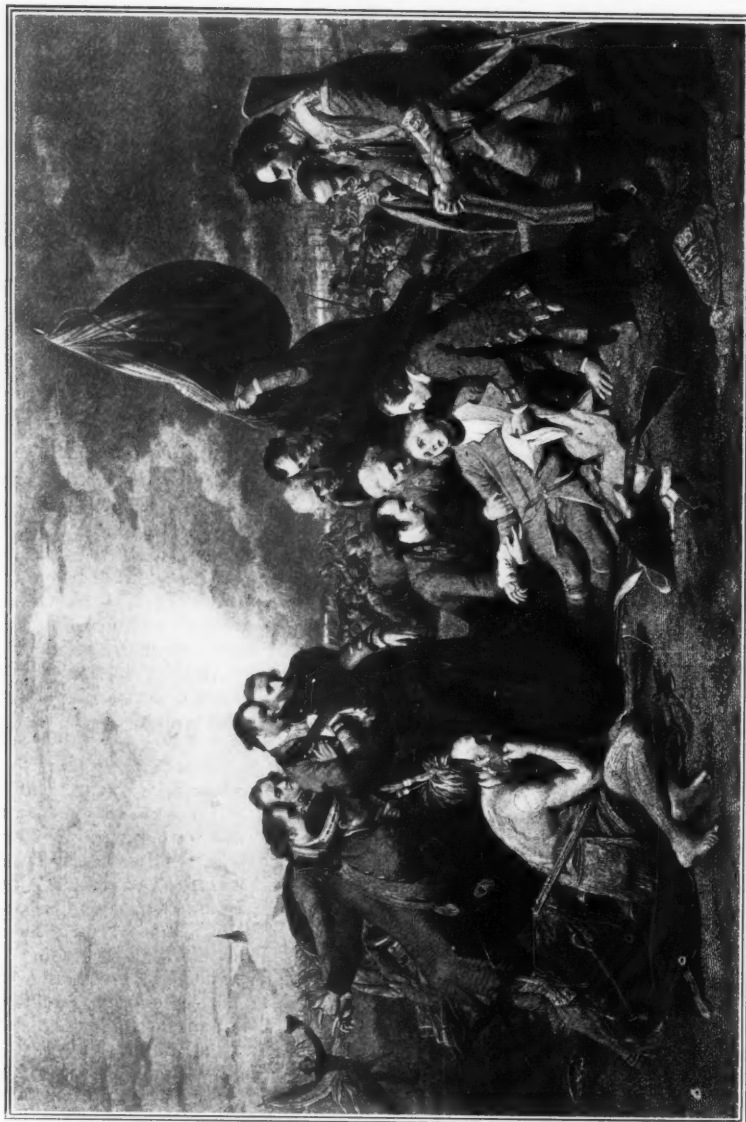
"And whosoever to me shall come, though dead,
Yet shall he live, and live eternally,
For no man lives to die"; the life he leads,
Leads on to greater life—a greater birth.



CHAPTER X.—THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC UNDER WOLFE—DIFFICULTIES OF THE SIEGE—BATTLE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—DEATH OF WOLFE, 1758-1759.

MATTERS had gone well, too, for Pitt in Europe, where he had shrewdly fed the senseless strife of nations with money rather than with men. France, with over 100,000 troops in the field, was playing the somewhat inglorious part of an ally to her hereditary foe Austria, and with the further aid of Russia, was engaged in a fruitless attempt to crush the heroic Frederick. She had now been driven back across the Rhine, after a short occupation of Hanover, by Prince Ferdinand acting with Pitt's direct support. Both her troops and her generals in this reckless war fell far short in skill and spirit of their handful of compatriots struggling for a weightier issue across the sea. The King of Prussia held out against his legion of foes, and was performing prodigies of valour, amid fearful scenes of carnage. At Zorn-dorp, where with 35,000 men he encountered and repulsed 50,000 Russians, no quarter was asked or given, and 31,000 men fell; while at Hochkirchen Frederick himself lost 9,000 in

a single day against the Austrians. In odd hours snatched from the fury of the strife, this extraordinary man still wrote verses and lampoons; but Madame de Pompadour and her miserable Louis were now smarting under something worse at the hands of the Prussian than his caustic pen. England rang with his triumphs, and, by a perversion peculiarly British, the scoffing freethinker became the "Protestant hero" in both church and tap-room. Pitt was omnipotent in Parliament; only a single insignificant member ever ventured to oppose him. "Our unanimity is prodigious," wrote Walpole. "You would as soon hear a 'No' from an old maid as from the House of Commons." Newcastle was supremely happy among jobbers and cringing place-hunters under the full understanding that neither he nor his kind trespassed within the sphere of foreign politics. The estimates had exceeded all former limits, and reached for those days the enormous sum of 12½ millions. The struggle with France was vigorously waged, too, upon the ocean, warships, privateers,



THE DEATH OF WOLFE

This famous picture, by Benjamin West, has recently been displayed at the Toronto Exhibition by special permission of His Majesty, the King.

and merchantmen grappling to the death with one another in many a distant sea, while the main fleets of the enemy were, for the most part, blockaded in their ports by vigilant British armaments. Everywhere was exhilaration and a superb feeling of confidence, engendered by incipient successes, and by the consciousness that the nation was united in purpose, and that the leaders of its enterprises were not chosen because they were "rich in votes or were related to a Duke."

James Wolfe had certainly neither of these qualifications, and he it was who Pitt designed to act the leading part in the coming year, "a greater part," he modestly wrote after receiving his appointment, "than I wished or desired. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best and leave the rest to fortune, as perforce we must when there are not the most commanding abilities. A London life and little exercise disagrees with me entirely, but the sea still more. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man; what happens afterwards is of no great consequence."

Wolfe had returned from Nova Scotia the previous October in the same ship, strangely enough, with the hapless Abercromby. As the chief hero of an exploit which had sent all England into transports of joy, it is significant that he went quietly from Portsmouth to his regiment at Salisbury, and encountered some difficulty in getting leave of absence on urgent family matters. Even yet a brilliant soldier without backstair influence got scant consideration in his private concerns, while a military cypher with friends at Court could do almost what he pleased. Wolfe, however, eventually got away, and hurried to Bath to "patch up his wretched constitution" for any service he might be called upon. It was here in December that he received and accepted Pitt's offer of the command of an expedition against Quebec. He

had just become engaged to a Miss Lowther, sister of the first Lord Lonsdale. Wolfe's earlier love affair had affected him so deeply and for so long a period, it is doubtful if there was much romance about this one. But he had in any case scant time for improving the occasion, his hands being now full with the great enterprise on which he was bound in the early spring.

Pitt's plan for the coming season in America was to strike two great blows at Canada and a lesser one, which, if successful, would involve the conquest of that country. Wolfe, aided by a fleet, was to attack Quebec; Amherst with another force was to push through by the Lake Champlain route and unite with him if possible. A further expedition was to be sent against Niagara under Prideaux; but for the present we are concerned only with the first and by far the most memorable of the three.

Wolfe at this time was colonel of the 67th regiment. He was to have local rank only of major-general while in America, since more substantial elevation would, in the eyes of Newcastle and his friends, have been almost an outrage on the British constitution as by them interpreted. Pitt and his young officers, however, were well content to waive such trifles for the present, and concede so much of consolation to the long list of rejected incapables, in return for such honour and glory as might perchance be theirs. Wolfe's brigadiers in the forthcoming enterprise were to be Monckton, Townshend and Murray. The first, whom we have already met in Nova Scotia, and the last were men after Wolfe's own heart. Townshend, although not a bad soldier, was inclined, on the strength of his connection, to give himself airs, was of a queer disposition, and was jealous of his young chief. Wolfe nominated his friend Carleton, of whose efficiency he was well assured, as quartermaster-general; but the King passed his pen through the name, as Carleton was credited with certain uncomplimentary

remarks concerning Hanoverians. Wolfe, however, remonstrated with much spirit, insisting that if a general was to have grave responsibility, it was only logical and fair that he should choose his own subordinates. Pitt good-naturedly went back to the King, who, after some grumbling, at last yielded the point.

The land force was to consist of 12,000 men, a few of whom were to sail from England, but the bulk were to be drawn from the American and West Indian garrisons. The latter, however, were counter-ordered; the former proved to be below the estimated strength, and the actual number that gathered in Louisbourg, the point of rendezvous, was only about 8,500. The command of the fleet was given to Admiral Saunders, and this appointment demanded great discretion, as the sailor in this instance had not only to be efficient on his own element, but to be a man of tact, and one who at the same time would put patriotism above professional jealousy, and could be trusted to work heartily with the land forces.

It was late in February when Saunders' fleet convoying Wolfe, his stores and a few troops sailed from Spithead. The winds being adverse and the seas running high, May had opened before the wild coast of Nova Scotia was dimly seen through the whirling wreaths of fog. It was a late season, and Louisbourg harbour was still choked with ice, so the fleet had to make southward for Halifax at the cost of much of that time which three years' experience had at length taught the British was so precious in all North American enterprises. At Halifax Wolfe found the troops from the American garrisons awaiting him. Among them was the 43rd regiment, with the gallant Major Knox, our invaluable diarist, filled with joy at the prospect of active service after twenty months' confinement in a backwoods fort, and ready with his sword as happily for us he was with his pen. In a fortnight Louisbourg was open, and both fleet and transports were grinding amidst the

still drifting ice in its harbour. Here again the army was landed, and its numbers completed from the Louisbourg garrison.

There was naturally much to be done with an army brought together from so many various quarters. The force, too, proved, as I have said, far short of the estimate, being considerably under 9,000 men; but, on the other hand, these were all good troops and mostly veterans. Though the benefits of Bath waters had been more than neutralised by nearly three months of buffeting on the element he so loathed, Wolfe spared himself no effort. He was not only a fighting but to the highest degree an organising general. Every sickly and unlikely man, small as was his force, was weeded out. Every commissariat detail down to the last gaiter button was carefully scrutinised. Seldom had England sent out a body of men so perfect in discipline, spirit, and material of war, and assuredly none so well commanded since the days of Marlborough. It was well it was so, seeing that they were destined to attack one of the strongest posts in the world, defended by an army nearly twice as numerous as themselves, and fighting, moreover, in defence of its home and country, and, as it fully believed, of its religion.

Wolfe's force was made up of the following regiments and corps. Under Monckton in the first brigade were the 15th, 43rd, 58th and 78th regiments, usually known then as Amherst's, Kennedy's, Anstruther's and Fraser's (Highlanders) respectively. The second brigade, under Townshend, comprised the 28th and the 47th or Bragg's and Lascelles', with the second battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans. With Murray in the third brigade were the 35th and 48th or Otway's and Webb's and the third battalion of the 60th. Besides these were three companies of Grenadiers from the 22nd, 40th and 45th regiments, and a corps of light infantry, all from the Louisbourg garrison. Of colonial troops there were only five companies of rangers.

The young general was thoroughly

alive to the numerical weakness of his force, but that he rejoiced in its efficiency is evident from his letters, and he was hard to please. "If valour can make amends for want of numbers," he wrote to Pitt, "we shall succeed."

Admiral Durell, with ten ships, had been sent forward early in May to stop French supply or warships from ascending the St. Lawrence when navigation opened. It was the first of June when Wolfe and Saunders with the main army followed him, owing to fog and ice and contrary winds, in somewhat straggling fashion. The bands played the time-honoured air of "The girl I left behind me," and the men cheered lustily as the ships cleared the bar, while at the mess tables, says Knox, there was only one toast among the officers—"British colours on every French fort, post and garrison in America." With Saunders went twenty-two ships of the line—five frigates and seventeen sloops of war—besides the transports. By the 7th of June all were sailing well together along the gloomy shores of Newfoundland, whose desolate russet uplands were thickly powdered with a belated snowstorm. A week later they had left behind that hundred miles of shaggy forest which to this day envelops the desert island of Anticosti, and were forging more cautiously along the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence. All went smoothly till the 20th, when the wind dropping, they were caught in the cross-currents caused by the outpouring waters of the Saguenay, which, draining a vast mountain wilderness to the northward, would be accounted a mighty river if it were not for the still mightier one that absorbs it. Here the ships ran some risk of fouling, but escaped any serious damage, and in three days were at the Ile aux Coudres, where the real dangers of the navigation began. It must be remembered that such a venture was unprecedented, and regarded hitherto as an impossibility for large ships without local pilots. The very presence of the first made the second possible, for

some of the vessels approaching the shore ran up French flags, whereupon numbers of the country people, in response to an invitation, came on board, little guessing the visitors could be their enemies.

Pilots were by this ruse secured, and their services impressed under pain of death. Durell, too, was waiting here, ignorant of the fact that several French provision ships had slipped past him in the fog. Three of his midshipmen, larking on the shore, had been captured and carried to Quebec, but had found much consolation and caused no little anxiety in the city by doubling the strength of the British force, when interrogated by Montcalm. Knox, who understood French, tells us that the poor unwilling pilot who took his ship up the tortuous channel made use of the most frightful imprecations, swearing that most of the fleet and the whole army would find their graves in Canada. An old British tar, on the other hand, master of a transport and possessed of an immense scorn for foreigners, would not allow a French pilot to interfere, and insisted, in the teeth of all remonstrance, on navigating his own ship. "D—n me," he roared, "I'll convince you that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman daren't show his nose," and he took it through in safety. "The enemy," wrote Vaudreuil soon after this to his Government, "have passed sixty ships of war where we dare not risk a vessel of a hundred tons by night or day." The British navy has not been sufficiently remembered in the story of Quebec.

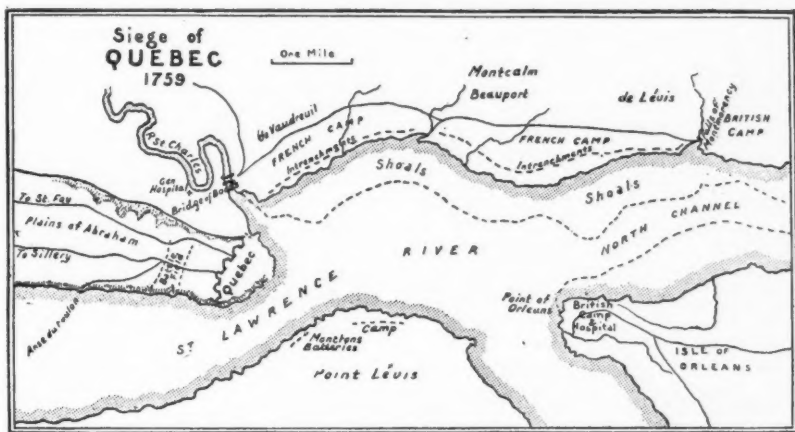
Let us now turn for a moment to Montcalm and see what he has been doing all this time to prepare for the attack. It was an accepted axiom in Canada that no armament strong enough to seriously threaten Quebec could navigate the St. Lawrence. In the face of expected invasion it was the Lake George and Champlain route that mostly filled the public mind. Bougainville, however, had returned from France early in May with the startling news that a large expedition destined for Quebec was already on the

sea. A former opinion of this able officer's declared that three or four thousand men could hold the city against all comers. There was now four times that strength waiting for Wolfe, while his own, so far as numbers went, we know already. Eighteen transport ships, carrying supplies and some slight reinforcements, had slipped past the English cruisers in the fogs, and brought some comfort to Montcalm. The question now was how best to defend Quebec, as well as make good the two land approaches at Ticonderoga and Lake Ontario respectively.

For the defence of the city, when every able-bodied militiaman had been called out, nearly 16,000 troops of all arms would be available. About the disposition of these and the plan of defence there was much discussion. Montcalm himself was for a long time undecided. The alternative plans do not concern us here; the one finally adopted is alone to the point. Every one knows that the ancient capital of Canada is one of the most proudly placed among the cities of the earth. But it may be well to remind those who have not seen it, that it occupies the point of a lofty ridge, forming the apex of the angle made by the confluence of the St. Charles River and the St. Lawrence. Westward from the city this ridge falls so nearly sheer into the St. Lawrence for several miles, that, watched by a mere handful of men, it was impregnable. Moreover, the river suddenly narrows to a breadth of three-quarters of a mile opposite the town, whose batteries were regarded as being fatal to any attempt of an enemy to run past them. On the other side of the town the St. Charles River, coming in from the northwest immediately below its walls, formed a secure protection. Montcalm, however, decided to leave only a small garrison in the city itself and go outside it for his main defence. Now, from the eastern bank of the mouth of the St. Charles, just below the city, there extends in an almost straight line along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence a continuous

ridge, the brink, in fact, of a plateau, at no point far removed from the water's edge. Six miles away this abruptly terminates in the gorge of the Montmorency River, which, rushing tumultuously towards the St. Lawrence, makes that final plunge on to its shore level which is one of the most beautiful objects in a landscape teeming with natural and human interest. Along the crown of this six-mile ridge, known in history as "the Beauport lines," Montcalm decided to make his stand. So, throughout the long days of May and June the French devoted themselves to rendering impregnable from the front a position singularly strong in itself, while the Montmorency and its rugged valley protected the only flank which was exposed to attack.

At Beauport, the village which occupied the centre of the ridge, Montcalm took up his headquarters with considerable confidence in the result of his preparations. In the city away upon his right he had left De Ramezay in command, who has given us a journal of the siege, but the city, though not safe from bombardment, was impregnable as things were now to assault. In his own embattled lines Montcalm had nearly fourteen thousand men as strongly intrenched as nature and art could make them. Below him spread the river, here over two miles in width from shore to shore, with the western point of the island of Orleans overlapping his left flank. Above the woods of this long, fertile island, then the garden of Canada, the French, upon the 27th of June, first caught sight of the pennons flying from the topmasts of the English battleships, and before evening they witnessed the strange sight of red-coated infantry swarming over its well-tilled fields. It was, indeed, some days since the bonfires announcing the actual approach of the British had flared upon the mountain tops along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, and the excitement in and around Quebec had grown to fever-heat. Wolfe himself, with Mackellar, his chief engineer, who



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE ATTACK UPON QUEBEC IN 1759, WHICH ENDED WITH THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

had been both with Forbes and Braddock, was among the first to land upon the island, and, taking his stand upon the western point, scanned the noble outlook with eager gaze, and tried to realise the task that Pitt had set him.

Westward, across four miles of yet smooth and sunlit water, the great and virgin stronghold of French power clung to its rocky throne. From the river's edge to the summit of Cape Diamond rose a city that proclaimed its character at a glance, and abjured all fellowship at once with the great trading marts of brick and wood that greeted the visitor to the English colonies. Trade, indeed, there was of a sort; but, mounting one above the other, tier above tier, spire and belfry, church and monastery, barrack and battery, proclaimed rather the stronghold of the soldier and the priest. As the gaze of Wolfe and his officers travelled backward to their right along the northern shore, they could see the long intrenched lines of Beauport extending past them to where the mighty cataract of Montmorency flashed against its background of green woods. The young general, however, had not much time that evening to consider the situation, which may well have appalled a less

stout heart than his, for the troops had scarcely landed when a sudden summer storm burst upon the scene, churned the river into angry waves, broke some of the smaller ships from their moorings, casting them upon the rocks, and staving in many of the boats and rafts. The people of Quebec, who for weeks had been urging upon the Divinity in their peculiar way that they, His chosen people, were in danger, would not have been Canadian Catholics of their generation had they not been jubilant at this undoubted sign of Divine intervention. But Montcalm was the last man to presume on such favour by any lack of energy. The very next night, the British having in the meantime pitched their camp upon the isle of Orleans, they were thrown into no small alarm by the descent of a fleet of fire-ships. The only men awake were the guards and sentries at the point, and as the matches were not applied to the drifting hulks till they were close at hand, the sudden effect in the darkness of the night upon the soldiers' nerves was more than they could stand, having beheld nothing like it in their lives, and they rushed in much confusion on the sleeping camp, causing still more there. For it was not alone the flames

and the explosives that were a cause of perturbation, but a hail of grape-shot and bullets from the igniting guns poured hurtling through the trees. The chief object of the fire-ships, however, was the fleet which lay in the channel between the Isle of Orleans and the shore, and towards it they came steadily drifting. Knox describes the pandemonium as awful, and the sight as inconceivably superb of these large burning ships, crammed with every imaginable explosive and soaked from their mastheads to their waterline in pitch and tar. It was no new thing, however, to the gallant sailors, who treated the matter as a joke, grappling fearlessly with the hissing, spitting demons, and towing them ashore. "Damme, Jack," they shouted, "didst ever take h—ll in tow before?"

This exploit seems to have been a venture of Vaudreuil's, and its failure, an extremely expensive one, cost that lively egotist and his friends a severe pang. The next day Wolfe published his first manifesto to the Canadian people. "We are sent by the English king," it ran, "to conquer this province, but not to make war upon women and children, the ministers of religion, or industrious peasants. We lament the sufferings which our invasion may inflict upon you; but if you remain neutral, we proffer you safety in person and property and freedom in religion. We are masters of the river; no succour can reach you from France. General Amherst, with a large army, assails your southern frontier. Your cause is hopeless, your valour useless. Your nation have been guilty of great cruelties to our unprotected settlers, but we seek not revenge. We offer you the sweets of peace amid the horrors of war. England, in her strength, will befriend you; France, in her weakness, leaves you to your fate."

Wolfe could hardly have felt the confidence he here expressed. The longer he looked upon the French position, the less he must have liked it, and the larger must Amherst and his eventual co-operation have loomed

in his mind as a necessary factor to success. But would Amherst get through to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence in time to be of use before the short season had fled? Those who were familiar with the difficulties would certainly have discouraged the hope which Wolfe for a time allowed himself to cherish; and Wolfe, though he admired his friend and chief, did not regard celerity of movement as his strongest point.

About the first move, however, in the game Wolfe had to play, there could be no possible doubt, and that was the occupation of Point Lévis. This was the high ground immediately facing Quebec, where the river, narrowing to a width of 1,200 yards, brought the city within cannon-shot from the southern bank. It was the only place, in fact, from which it could be reached. It is said Montcalm had been anxious to occupy it, and intrench it with 4,000 men, but was overruled on the supposition that the upper town, about which official Quebec felt most concern, would be outside its range of fire. If this was so, they were soon to be undeceived.

The occupation of Point Lévis by Monckton's brigade, which Wolfe now ordered on that service, need not detain us. They crossed from the camp of Orleans to the village of Beaumont, which was seized with slight resistance. Thence moving on along the high road to Point Lévis, they found the church and village occupied by what Knox, who was there, estimates at a thousand riflemen and Indians. The Grenadiers charging the position in front, and the Highlanders and light infantry taking it in the rear, it was stormed with a loss of thirty men, and Monckton then occupied a position which, so far as artillery fire was concerned, had Quebec at its mercy. The brigadier, who had fully expected to find French guns there, at once began to intrench himself on this conspicuous spot, while floating batteries now pushed out from Quebec and began throwing shot and shell up at his working parties, till Saunders sent a frigate

forward to put an end to what threatened to be a serious annoyance.

The French had changed their minds about the danger of Monckton's guns, though not a shot had yet been fired, and agitated loudly for a sortie across the river. Montcalm thought poorly of the plan; but a miscellaneous force of 1,500 Canadians, possessed of more ardour than cohesion, insisted on attempting a night assault. They landed some way up the river, but did not so much as reach the British position. The difficulties of a combined midnight movement were altogether too great for such irregulars, and they ended by firing upon one another in the dark and stampeding for their boats, with a loss of seventy killed and wounded.

Two brigades were now in mid-stream on the Isle of Orleans, and one on Point Lévis. Landing artillery and stores, intrenching both positions, and mounting siege guns at the last-named one, consumed the first few days of July. Wolfe's skill in erecting and firing batteries had been abundantly demonstrated at Louisbourg; and though his headquarters were on the Island, he went frequently to superintend the preparations for the bombardment of Quebec. On July 12th a rocket leapt into the sky from Wolfe's camp. It was the signal for the forty guns and mortars that had been mounted on Point Lévis to open on the city that Vaudreuil and his friends had fondly thought was out of range. The first few shots may have encouraged the delusion, as they fell short; but the gunners quickly got their distance, and then began that storm of shot and shell which rained upon the doomed city, with scarce a respite, for upwards of eight weeks. Wolfe's New England Rangers, under Stark and other well-known dare-devils, trained by Rogers in the Lake George region, scoured the surrounding country, fighting Indians or stray parties of Canadians like themselves, capturing arms and stores, seizing prisoners for information, and posting up Wolfe's proclamations on the neighbouring church doors. These

last assured every peasant who remained at home of good treatment; while any injuries to women or children by his own men Wolfe swore he would punish by death. He was in an enemy's country; he had double his own number of armed men before him, and a hostile population on his rear and flanks, and could do no more.

The day before the batteries of Point Lévis opened on the city Wolfe made another move. The eastern extremity of the Beauport lines pressed close upon the Montmorency gorge. If he could establish batteries upon the other bank, it would be easy not only to annoy the enemy but to investigate the course of the stream above the cataract, and see if perchance there might not be some way round to the back of the Beauport lines. He ordered Monckton, therefore, to make a feint up the river above the town, as if intending some mischief in that direction, while he himself brought several frigates up to the front of the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, which kept Lévis and his militia brigade there stationed sufficiently occupied, if not seriously damaged. Under cover of these distractions he moved 3,000 men across to the mouth of the Montmorency. Landing on the eastern side, his men clambered up the wooded heights in the face of some desultory resistance. They were now upon the same ridge as Montcalm's army, whose extreme left was but a musket-shot from them. But between the combatants was the mighty gorge down which the Montmorency plunged 250 feet on to the flats below. Here Wolfe at once began to erect an intrenched camp and batteries. Parties were sent up the wooded valley of the impetuous little river to clear it of enemies, to cut timber for fascines, and to hunt for a ford. They found no ford, but encountered 400 Indians, whom they finally repulsed, though not without loss. Wolfe was somewhat higher than the French left, and could now bombard it with considerable effect. But this was of little use, as the position was apparently impre-

nable to attack, and there seemed no way round it; for the only ford they did eventually find was three miles up, and that faced a steep cliff and was strongly fortified. The French lines, too, were only vulnerable in their rear, when compared to the inaccessible front with which Nature had provided them. Upon their left they were protected by a mass of woods, while along them ran a continuous line of stone farm-houses and other buildings and enclosures, which, Knox tells us, were all prepared for holding garrisons. Even if Wolfe could have brought 5,000 men round the upper waters of the Montmorency and through the big woods, for the delivery of a rear attack, what a loss and what a fearful risk would have attended such an enterprise! Canadian militia—and, be it remembered, there were over 3,000 veteran regulars here as well—were not very formidable in the open, but behind cover they were as good as Grenadiers, and, loose in the woods, a great deal better. Lévis, who had command of the position, which was now engaged in an artillery duel and some outpost skirmishing with the British, was anxious to attack. Montcalm, whose only fear was Amherst, would not hear of it. "If we move them," he said, "they will be more mischievous elsewhere. Let them stay there and amuse themselves."

The rain of shot and shell continued to pour upon Quebec. Houses, churches and monasteries crashed and crumbled beneath the pitiless discharge. The great cathedral, where the memories and the trophies of a century's defiance of the accursed heretic had so thickly gathered, was gradually reduced to a skeleton of charred walls. The church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, erected in gratitude for the delivery of the city from the last and only previous attack upon it sixty years before, was one of the first buildings to suffer from the far more serious punishment of this one. Wolfe, though already suffering from more than his chronic ill-health, was ubiquitous and indefatigable; now be-

hind Monckton's guns at Point Lévis, now with Townshend's batteries at Montmorency, now up the river, ranging with his glass those miles of forbidding cliffs which he may already have begun to think he should one day have to climb. Some of Saunders' ships were in the Basin, between Orleans and Quebec, and frequently engaged with Montcalm's floating batteries; while in the meantime the roar of artillery from a dozen different quarters filled the simmering July days, and lit the short summer nights with fiery shapes, and drew in fitful floods the roving thunder clouds that at this season of the year in North America are apt to lurk behind the serenest sky.

Fighting at close quarters there was, too, in plenty, though of an outpost and backwoods kind. Bois Herbert, with his painted Canadians and Abenakis Indians, and Stark and young Rogers with their colonial rangers—Greek against Greek—scalped each other with an hereditary ferocity that English and French regulars knew nothing of. In bringing a fleet up to Quebec, British sailors had already performed one feat pronounced impossible by Canadian tradition. They now still further upset their enemies' calculations by running the gauntlet of the batteries of Quebec and placing the *Sutherland*, with several smaller ships, at some distance up the river. This cost Montcalm 600 men, whom he had to send under Dumas to watch the squadron. But all this brought the end no nearer. Time was exceeding precious, and July was almost out. Necessary messages were continually passing under flags of truce, and superfluous notes of defiance sometimes accompanied them. "You may destroy the town," said De Ramezay to Wolfe, "but you will never get inside it." "I will take Quebec," replied the fiery stripling, "if I stay here till November."

Wolfe had now decided that some forward action was necessary, and he proceeded to select what seemed to him the only spot that offered the barest justification for the risk.

This was close to the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, and July 31st was the date fixed for the enterprise, into which he purposed to bring four thousand men. Now in the short space between the foot of the falls and the St. Lawrence, the Montmorency was fordable at low tide, and Townshend, with 2,000 men from the British camp was to ford it here and advance along the shore. Wolfe, with an equal number from Monckton's brigade at Point Lévis and the Isle of Orleans, was, at the same time, to approach in flat-bottomed boats over the shallows and land upon the narrow flats beneath the high embattled ridge which overlooked them. A frigate was brought up to make play on the French lines, and all the batteries of the Montmorency camp were to help sustain the attack, while a "cat," a kind of sailing raft, armed with several guns, was to be imbedded on the muddy shore.

At about ten in the morning the movement began from Point Lévis to the Isle of Orleans, and de Lévis and Montcalm, from their high perch on the French redoubts had a clear view of everything that passed. They were puzzled what to make of it, and thinking a rear attack by the upper reaches of the Montmorency might be intended, sent 500 men to watch the ford. As the day went on, it became evident to Lévis that his own intrenchments were at one point or another the object of attack, but concentration for the French at any point on the Beauport lines was an easy matter. Wolfe had to await the ebbing tide for Townshend's corps to ford the mouth of the Montmorency, during which his own men were concentrated on the Point of Orleans. In the afternoon the *Centurion* frigate, the armed "cat," and the batteries across the falls opened on the French ridges. As the day waned Wolfe and his small force pushed out and rowed towards the flats, while Townshend awaited at the ford the signal to advance. The general, always in the front, soon came within the range of the French batteries,

which opened with a brisk fire. He was three times struck by splinters, and his cane was knocked from his hand by a round shot. Worse still, the water at this point proved too shallow, and some of the boats ran upon ledges of rock or mud. A deeper passage, however, was quickly found, and the leading files, Grenadiers and Royal Americans, were, in due course, landed on the wet sand. A musket-shot in front, where dry ground and tide limit touched, was an outlying redoubt, which was at once rushed and cleared without difficulty. Now, however, comes the moment when Wolfe's plan of action would have developed. This has never yet been quite clear, in spite of his own despatches, but what immediately happened was of all things the least expected.

Beyond the captured redoubt were about 200 yards of flat ground, behind which abruptly rose the high ridge, where the French army lay intrenched. Wolfe may have intended a mere reconnaissance in force over the Flat, though he told Pitt he hoped to tempt the French down on to it. Townshend was nearing him, having just crossed the ford, while Monckton was in the very act of landing with a thousand men. Somewhat less than that number stood round Wolfe at the captured redoubt. But even with this respectable force, it seems incredible that he would have faced that steep hill, which by this time was lined by a great part of the French army. What was passing in that nimble mind just then, or what Wolfe would have done—and he was not a man, with all his ardour, to throw his men's lives away—no one will ever know. The Grenadiers and Royal Americans, under a thousand men in all, saved him the trouble of deciding. Seized with a sudden and unaccountable insanity, these veteran soldiers, without orders and without formation, without waiting for their companions, and in utter disregard of the invectives of their officers, who had nothing for it but to go with them, rushed with a wild shout upon the fatal slope. Slippery with

recent rains, its summits bristling with cannon and packed with 3,000 riflemen, half of whom were regulars, with other 10,000 men at ready call; never, surely, was there so pitiable a piece of madness. But it was long, too long, ere the hail of lead that swept down that steep and slippery slope up which these insubordinate heroes vainly and wildly struggled, could stop them. Black clouds had been gathering overhead. A thunder storm was mutely raging beneath the roar of over a hundred cannon and the din of countless rifles, and now at the most dramatic moment down fell the rain in sheets so fast and thick as to hide the combatants from each other, and effectually quench both their ardour and their fire. To support such an escapade would have been madness, and the survivors soon enough came straggling back through the storm, which quickly cleared and showed a streaming hillside covered with British dead and wounded. The 78th Highlanders were instantly sent forward to bring off the latter, already in imminent danger from Indian scalping-knives. Either from damp powder or a worthier cause the effort was allowed to pass with impunity, and the British retired despondently, some by land and some by water, bearing the wounded with them to their several camps. The mad and brief exploit, for which no officer high or low was responsible, cost Wolfe 443 men, including 33 officers.

Through the whole weary month of August little occurred that the exigencies of our space would justify recording. Montcalm, after the late affair, considered himself safe, and he even allowed two thousand Canadians to leave for the harvest. Wolfe had a thousand men of his small force sick or wounded in hospital. Amherst, it was reported, had taken Ticonderoga, but there was little likelihood of his getting through to their assistance. Prideaux, in the far West, as it then was, had captured Niagara. It was a great success, but it in no way helped Wolfe. Worry, anxiety, and hard

work, too, had long been telling on Wolfe's feeble frame. "Don't talk to me of constitution," he had said, referring to a brother officer's case; "spirit will carry a man through anything." But human endurance has its limits, and on the 20th of August it was known through the army that the general, who had made himself the object of its entire devotion, could not rise from his bed. For nearly a week Wolfe lay prostrated with fever, and tortured with a despair that under the circumstances was inevitable to his physical prostration. The four walls of his sick-chamber in the farmhouse at Montmorency may well have typified to his fevered fancy the inaccessible barriers which upon every side in the larger arena without doors checked his advance to victory. He regarded himself, we know, as a ruined man, and had dread visions of his return to England, another unsuccessful general to be pelted by a public opinion which in truth, as regards military matters, he held in infinite scorn. On the 25th, however, "to the inconceivable joy," says honest Knox, "of the whole army," its beloved commander was reported out of danger, and he at once set his busy mind to work and called his brigadiers in council to see if anything could be done to utilise the short season that remained. When, on the 1st of September, Wolfe rose from his sick-bed, he had made up his mind to attempt the enterprise which cost him his frail life and gave immortality to himself and a great colony to England.

It must not be supposed, however, that August had passed away in humdrum fashion. The guns had roared with tireless throats, and the lower town was a heap of ruins. Far away down both banks of the St. Lawrence, the dogs of war had raged through seigneuries and hamlets. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Wolfe's proclamations and Montcalm's vengeance, the wretched peasantry were in a sore plight. Raided through and through by the fierce guerillas of North American warfare, swept bare

of grain and cattle for Wolfe's army, the fugitives from smoking farms and hamlets were glad to seek refuge in the English lines, where the soldiers generously shared with them their meagre rations. More than one expedition had been sent up the river. Admiral Holmes, with over twenty ships, was already above the town, and had driven the French vessels, which had originally taken refuge there, to discharge their crews and run up shallow tributaries. Murray, with twelve hundred men, had been carried up as far as Deschambault, and had there done some successful but unprofitable fighting. The shore was strongly fortified at every accessible point. Montcalm depended wholly on that side for his supplies, for the lower country was entirely closed to him by the British. He lost Lévis, too, at this time, and 1,500 men, who, owing to Prideaux's victory and Amherst's steady advance, were required at Montreal. Another 1,500 men he had despatched under Bougainville to Cap Rouge, where the seven miles of cliff which made the north shore west of Quebec impregnable, ceased; and here that able officer intrenched himself at the mouth of a small stream.

Wolfe's intention now was to place every man that he could spare on board the ships in the upper river, and his entire force was reduced by death, wounds and sickness to under 7,000 men. On September 3rd, with slight annoyance from an ill-directed cannon fire, he removed the whole force at Montmorency across the water to the camps of Orleans or Point Lévis. On the following day all the troops at both these stations which were not necessary for their protection were paraded; for what purpose no one knew, least of all the French, who from their lofty lines could mark every movement in the wide panorama below, and were sorely puzzled and perturbed. Some great endeavour was in the wind, beyond a doubt; but both Wolfe and his faithful ally, the admiral, did their utmost to disguise its import. And

for this very reason it would be futile, even if necessary, to follow the fluctuating manoeuvres that for the next few days kept the enemy in constant agitation: the sudden rage of batteries here, the threatening demonstrations of troop-laden boats there, the constant and bewildering movement of armed ships at every point. It was well designed and industriously maintained, for the sole purpose of harassing the French and covering Wolfe's real intention. On the night of September 4th the general was well enough to dine with Monckton's officers at Point Lévis, but the next day he was again prostrate with illness, to the great anxiety of his army. He implored the doctor to "patch him up sufficiently for the work in hand; after that nothing mattered." Chronic gravel and rheumatism, with a sharp low fever, aggravated by a mental strain of the severest kind, all preying on a sickly frame, were what the indomitable spirit therein imprisoned had to wrestle with. On the 6th, however, Wolfe struggled up, and during that day and the next superintended the march of his picked column, numbering some 4,000 men, up the south bank of the river. Forging, near waist-deep, the Etchemain river, they were received beyond its mouth by the boats of the fleet, and as each detachment arrived conveyed on board. The 48th, however, 700 strong, were left, under Colonel Burton, near Point Lévis to await orders.

The fleet, with Wolfe and some 3,600 men on board, now moved up to Cap Rouge, behind which, at the first dip in the high barrier of cliffs, was Bougainville with 1,500 men (soon afterwards increased), exclusive of 300 serviceable light cavalry. The cove here was intrenched, and the French commander was so harried with feigned attacks that he and his people had no rest. At the same time, so well was the universal activity maintained that Montcalm, eight miles below, was led to expect a general attack at the mouth of the Charles river, under the city. Throughout the 8th and 9th the

weather was dark and rainy and the wind from the east, an unfavourable combination for a movement requiring the utmost precision. On the 10th the troops from the crowded ships were landed to dry their clothes and accoutrements. Wolfe and his brigadiers now finally surveyed that line of cliffs which Montcalm had declared a hundred men could hold against the whole British army. It was defended here and there by small posts. Below one of these, a mile and a half above the city, the traces of a zigzag path up the bush-covered precipice could be made out, though Wolfe could not see that even this was barricaded. Here, at the now famous Anse du Foulon, he decided to make his attempt.

The ships, however, kept drifting up and down between Cap Rouge and the city, with a view to maintaining the suspense of the French. Each morning Wolfe's general orders to the soldiers were to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action, with as full directions for their conduct as was compatible with the suppression of the spot at which they were to fight. On the night of the 11th the troops were reembarked, and instructions sent to Burton to post the 48th on the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon. On the following day, Wolfe published his last orders, and they contained a notable sentence: "A vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada." Almost at the same moment his gallant opponent from his headquarters at Beauport was writing to Bourlamaque at Montreal that he gave the enemy a month or less to stay, but that he himself had no rest night or day, and had not had his boots or clothes off for a fortnight. Another Frenchman was informing his friends that what they knew of that "impetuous, bold, and intrepid warrior, Monsieur Wolfe," gave them reason to suppose he would not leave them without another attack.

A suspicious calm brooded over the British squadron off Cap Rouge as Bougainville watched it from the shore

throughout the whole of the 12th. The men were under orders to drop into their boats at nine, and were doubtless busy looking to their arms and accoutrements. Wolfe had sent for his old schoolfellow, "Jacky" Jervis, afterwards the famous admiral, who was commanding a sloop in the river. It was a matter of private business, and as the two sat together in the cabin of the *Sutherland* the general took a miniature of Miss Lowther,* his *fiancée*, from around his neck, and remarking that he did not expect to survive the battle he hoped to fight upon the following day, requested Jervis in such case to deliver the portrait to the lady, who, it may be added, became, six years later, the last Duchess of Bolton, and lived to be seventy-five.

By a preconcerted arrangement the day was spent after a very different fashion in the basin of Quebec. Constant artillery fire and the continual movement of troops against various parts of the Beauport lines engaged the whole attention of Montcalm, who had, in fact, little notion what a number of men had gone up the river with Wolfe. When night fell upon the ruined city and the flickering camp fires of the long French lines, the tumult grew louder and the anxiety greater. The batteries of Point Lévis and the guns of Saunders' ships redoubled their efforts. Amid the roar of the fierce artillery, served with an activity not surpassed during the whole siege, Montcalm, booted and spurred, with his black charger

*It is a curious coincidence that the heroines of both Wolfe's love affairs should have come, and that through no connection with each other, but quite fortuitously, from the same group of families as it were, in a remote corner of England, which Wolfe in a social sense never even visited. Isell Hall, whence came Miss Lawson, is still a residence of the family; a beautiful specimen of the border Peel tower enlarged during the Tudor period into a mansion; romantically situated on the banks of the Derwent between Cockermonth and Bassenthwaite. Meaburn Hall, Kate Lowther's early home, though now a somewhat inaccessible farmhouse, between Shap and Appleby, on the Lowther estates, remains a most interesting and picturesque specimen, both inside and out, of the Tudor manor house of the border country.

saddled at the door, awaited some night attack. The horse would be wanted yet, but for a longer ride than his master anticipated, and, as it so turned out, for his last one. Up the river at Cap Rouge all was silence, a strange contrast to the din below. The night was fine, but dark, and was some three hours old when a single light gleamed of a sudden from the *Sutherland's* mainmast. It was the signal for 1,600 men to drop quietly into their boats. A long interval of silence and suspense then followed, till at two o'clock the tide began to ebb, when a second lantern glimmered from Wolfe's ship. The boats now pushed off and drifted quietly down in long procession under the deep shadow of the high northern shore.

The ships followed at some distance with the remainder of the force under Townshend, the 48th, it will be remembered, awaiting them below. The distance to be traversed was six miles, and there were two posts on the cliffs to be passed. French provision boats had been in the habit of stealing down in the night, and to this fact, coupled with the darkness, it seems Wolfe trusted much. He was himself in one of the leading boats, and the story of his reciting "Gray's Elegy," in solemn tones while he drifted down, as he hoped, to victory and, as he believed, to death, rests on good authority.* The tide was running fast so that the rowers could ply their oars with a minimum of disturbance. From both posts upon the cliff their presence was noticed, and the challenge of a sentry rang out clear upon the silent night. On each occasion a Highland officer, who spoke French perfectly, replied that they were a provision convoy, to the satisfaction of the challengers. But the risk was undeniable, and illustrates the hazardous nature of the enterprise. Wolfe's friend, Captain Howe, brother of the popular young nobleman who fell at Ticonderoga, with a small body of picked soldiers,

was to lead the ascent, and as the boats touched the narrow beach of the Anse du Foulon he and his volunteers leaped rapidly on shore. Some of the boats accidentally overran the spot, but it made little difference, as the narrow path was, in any case, found to be blocked, and the eager soldiers were forced to throw themselves upon the rough face of the cliff, which was here over 200 feet high, but fortunately sprinkled thick with stunted bushes. Swiftly and silently Howe and his men scrambled up its steep face. No less eagerly the men behind, as boat after boat discharged its load of redcoats under Wolfe's eye on the narrow shore, followed in their precarious steps. Day was just beginning to glimmer as the leading files leaped out on to the summit and rushed upon the handful of astonished Frenchmen before them, who fired a futile volley and fled. They captured, however, the officer of the guard. It was De Vergor, who, it will be remembered, made such a poor defence at Beausejour, in Nova Scotia, whither Bigot had sent him to improve his fortunes. He was really in bad luck this time, though he has been made a scapegoat of by French writers. An attack at such a point may well have seemed improbable. "The difficulty of the ascent," wrote Admiral Saunders to the Ministry, "was scarcely credible." The single narrow path, too, the only presumable approach, had been blocked, but Wolfe's men were dragging themselves up all along the cliff, and even if De Vergor's small guard had been more wide awake, it is doubtful if they could have stopped such determined men. But the shots and cries had alarmed other posts at some distance off, yet near enough to fire in the direction of the landing boats. It was too late, however; the path had now been cleared of obstacles, and the British were swarming on to the plateau. The first sixteen hundred men had been rapidly disembarked, and the boats were already dashing back for Townshend's brigade, who were approaching in the ships, and for the 48th, awaiting them on the opposite shore.

* That of Professor Robinson, of Edinburgh University, who was present as a midshipman.

The scattered French posts along the summit were easily dispersed, while the main army at Beauport, some miles away, on the far side of the city, were as yet unconscious of danger. Bougainville and his force back at Cap Rouge were as far off and as yet no wiser. Quebec had just caught the alarm, but its weak and heterogeneous garrison had no power for combined mobility. By six o'clock Wolfe had his whole force of 4,300 men drawn up on the plateau, with their backs to the river and their faces to the north. Leaving the Royal Americans, 540 strong, to guard the landing-place, and with a force thus reduced to under 4,000, he now marched towards the city, bringing his left round at the same time in such fashion 'as to face the western walls scarcely a mile distant. As Wolfe drew up his line of battle on that historic ridge of tableland known as the Plains of Abraham, his right rested on the cliff above the river, while his left approached the then brushy slope which led down towards the St. Charles Valley. He had outmanoeuvred Montcalm; it now remained only to crush him. Of this Wolfe had not much doubt, though such confidence may seem sufficiently audacious for the leader of 4,000 men, with twice that number in front of him and half as many in his rear, both forces commanded by brave and skilful generals. But Wolfe counted on quality, not on numbers, which Montcalm himself realised were of doubtful efficacy at this crucial moment.

The French general, in the meantime, had been expecting an attack all night at Beauport, and his troops had been lying on their arms. It was about six o'clock when the astounding news was brought him that the British were on the plateau behind the city. The Scotch Jacobite, the Chevalier Johnstone, who has left us an account of the affair, was with him at the time, and they leaped on their horses—he to give the alarm towards Montmorency, the general to hasten westwards by Vaudreuil's quarters to the city. "This is a serious business,"

said Montcalm to Johnstone as he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks. Vaudreuil, who in his braggart, amateur fashion had been "crushing the English" with pen and ink and verbal eloquence this last six weeks, now collapsed, and Montcalm, who knew what a fight in the open with Wolfe meant, hastened himself to hurry forward every man that could be spared. Fifteen hundred militia were left to guard the Beauport lines, while the bulk of the army poured in a steady stream along the road to Quebec, over the bridge of the St. Charles, some up the slopes beyond, others through the tortuous streets of the city, on to the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm, by some at the time, and by many since, has been blamed for precipitating the conflict, but surely not with justice! He had every reason to count on Bougainville and his 2,300 men, who were no further from Wolfe's rear than he himself was from the English front. The British held the entire water. Wolfe once entrenched on the plateau, the rest of his army, guns and stores could be brought up at will, and the city defences on that side were almost worthless. Lastly, provisions with the French were wofully scarce; the lower country had been swept absolutely bare. Montcalm depended on Montreal for every mouthful of food, and Wolfe was now between him and his source of supply.

By nine o'clock Montcalm had all his men in front of the western walls of the city and was face to face with Wolfe, only half a mile separating them. His old veterans of William Henry, Oswego and Ticonderoga were with him, the reduced regiments of Béarn, Royal Roussillon, Languedoc, La Sarre and La Guienne, some 1,300 strong, with 700 colony regulars and a cloud of militia and Indians. Numbers of these latter had been pushed forward as skirmishers into the thickets, woods and cornfields which fringed the battlefield, and had caused great annoyance and some loss to the British, who were lying down in their ranks, reserving their strength and

their ammunition for a supreme effort. Three pieces of cannon, too, had been brought to play on them—no small trial to their steadiness; for, confident of victory, it was not to Wolfe's interest to join issue till Montcalm had enough of his men upon the ridge to give finality to such a blow. At the same time the expected approach of Bougainville in the rear had to be watched for and anticipated. It was indeed a critical and anxious moment! The 48th regiment were stationed as a reserve of Wolfe's line, though to act as a check rather to danger from Bougainville than as a support to the front attacks in which they took no part. Part, too, of Townshend's brigade, who occupied the left of the line nearest to the wooded slopes in which the plain terminated, were drawn up *en potence*, or at right angles to the main column, in case of attacks from flank or rear. The Bougainville incident is, in fact, a feature of this critical struggle that has been too generally ignored, but in such a fashion that inferences might be drawn, and have been drawn, detrimental to that able officer's sagacity. Theoretically he should have burst on the rear of Wolfe's small army, as it attacked Montcalm, with more than 2,300 tolerable troops. He was but six miles off, and it was now almost as many hours since the British scaled the cliff. Pickets and a small battery or two between himself and Wolfe had been early in the morning actually engaged. The simple answer is that Bougainville remained ignorant of what was happening. Nothing but an actual messenger coming through with the news would have enlightened him, and in the confusion none came till eight o'clock. The sound of desultory firing borne faintly against the wind from the neighbourhood of the city had little significance for him. It was a chronic condition of affairs, and Bougainville's business was to watch the upper river, where an attack was really expected. It was a rare piece of good fortune for Wolfe that the confusion among the French was so

great as to cause this strange omission. But then it was Wolfe's daring that had thus robbed a brave enemy of their presence of mind and created so pardonable a confusion.

The constituents of that ever memorable line of battle which Wolfe drew up on the Plains of Abraham must of a surety not be grudged space in this chapter. On the right towards the cliffs of the St. Lawrence were the 28th, the 35th, the 43rd, and the Louisbourg Grenadiers under Monckton. In the centre, under Murray, were the 47th, 58th, and the 78th Highlanders. With Townshend on the left were the 15th (*en potence*) and the 2nd battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans—in all somewhat over 3,000 men. In reserve, as already stated, was Burton with the 48th, while Howe with some light infantry occupied the woods still farther back, and the 3rd battalion of the 60th guarded the landing-place. None of these last corps joined in the actual attack.

When Montcalm, towards ten o'clock, under a cloudy but fast-clearing sky, gave the order to advance, he had, at the lowest estimate from French sources, about 3,500 men, exclusive of Indians and flanking skirmishers, who may be rated at a further 1,500. The armies were but half a mile apart, and the French regulars and militia, being carefully but perhaps injudiciously blended along their whole line, went forward with loud shouts to the attack.

The British, formed in a triple line, now sprang to their feet and moved steadily forward to receive the onset of the French. Wolfe had been hit on the wrist, but hastily binding up the shattered limb with his handkerchief, he now placed himself at the head of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, whose temerity against the heights of Beauport, in July, he had so soundly rated. He had issued strict orders that his troops were to load with two bullets, and to reserve their fire till the enemy were at close quarters. He was nobly obeyed, though the French

columns came on firing wildly and rapidly at long range, the militia throwing themselves down, after their backwoods custom, to reload, to the disadvantage of the regular regiments among whom they were mixed. The British fire, in spite of considerable punishment, was admirably restrained, and when delivered it was terrible. Knox tells us the French received it at forty paces, that the volleys sounded like single cannon shots, so great was the precision, and French officers subsequently declared they had never known anything like it. Whole gaps were rent in the French ranks, and in the confusion which followed, the British reloaded with deliberation, poured in yet another deadly volley, and with a wild cheer rushed upon the foe. They were the pick of a picked army, and the shattered French, injured to arms in various ways though was every man of them, had not a chance. Montcalm's 2,000 regulars were ill supported by the still larger number of their comrades, who, unsurpassed behind breastworks or in forest warfare, were of little use before such an onslaught. The rush of steel, of bayonet on the right and centre, of broadsword on the left, swept everything before it and soon broke the French into a flying mob, checked here and there by brave bands of white-coated regulars, who offered a brief but futile resistance. Wolfe, in the meantime, was eagerly pressing forward at the head of his Grenadiers, while behind him were the 28th and the 35th, of Lake George renown. One may not pause here to speculate on the triumph that must at such a moment have fired the bright eyes that redeemed his homely face and galvanised the sickly frame into a very Paladin of old, as sword in hand he led his charging troops. Such inevitable reflections belong rather to his own story than to that of the long war which he so signally influenced, and it was now, in the very moment of vic-

tory, as all the world well knows, that he fell. He was hit twice in rapid succession—a ball in the groin which did not stop him, and a second through the lungs, against which his high courage fought in vain. He was seen to stagger by Lieutenant Browne of the Grenadiers and 2nd regiment, who rushed forward to his assistance. "Support me," exclaimed Wolfe, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall." But the lieutenant was just too late, and the wounded hero sank to the ground; not, however, before he was also seen by Mr. Henderson, a volunteer, and almost immediately afterwards by an officer of artillery, Col. Williamson, and a private soldier whose name has not been preserved. The accurate Knox himself was not far off, and this is the account given him by Browne that same evening, and seems worthy to hold the field against the innumerable claims that have been set up in the erratic interests of "family tradition":—

These four men carried the dying general to the rear, and by his own request, being in great pain, laid him upon the ground. He refused to see a surgeon, declared it was all over with him, and sank into a state of torpor. "They run! see how they run!" cried out one of the officers. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, suddenly rousing himself. "The enemy, sir; egad, they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, my lads," said the dying general, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march down to the St. Charles River and cut off the retreat of the fugitives to the bridge." He then turned on his side, and exclaiming, "God be praised, I now die in peace," sank into insensibility, and in a short time, on the ground of his victory which for all time was to influence the destinies of mankind, gave up his life contentedly at the very moment, to quote Pitt's stirring eulogy, "when his fame began."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PIECE OF STRING

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



T was market-day, and over all the roads round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, painful labours of the country—by bending over to plough, which is what also makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and by reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitch-work, and blown up big around their bony bodies, seemed exactly like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, went their wives, carrying large baskets, from which came forth the heads of chickens or the heads of ducks. These women walked with steps far shorter and quicker than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and they enveloped their heads each in a white cloth, close fastened round their hair, and surmounted by a cap.

Now a *char-à-banc* passed by, drawn by a jerky-paced nag. It shook up

strangely the two men on the seat. And the woman at the bottom of the cart held fast to its sides to lessen the hard joltings.

In the market-place at Goderville was a great crowd, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of cattle, the high and long-napped hats of wealthy peasants, the headdresses of women, came to the surface of that sea. And voices clamorous, sharp, shrill, made a continuous and savage din. Above it a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a merry yokel would sometimes sound, and sometimes a long bellow from a cow tied fast to the wall of a house.

It all smelled of the stable, of milk, of hay, and of perspiration, giving off that half-human, half-animal odour which is peculiar to the men of the fields.

Maitre Hauchecorne, of Breauté, had just arrived at Goderville, and was taking his way towards the square, when he perceived on the ground a little piece of string. Maitre Hauchecorne, economical, like all true Normans, reflected that everything was worth picking up which could be of any use; and he stooped down—but painfully, because he suffered from rheumatism. He took the bit of thin cord from the ground, and was carefully preparing to roll it up when he saw Maitre Malandain, the harness-maker, on his doorstep looking at him. They had once had a quarrel about a halter, and they had remained angry, bearing malice on both sides. Maitre Hauche-

* Copyrighted in the United States by Harper and Brothers. Maupassant, like Zola, is of the naturalist school of French writers. He is one of those who attempted to study man and life as they are, to paint people exactly as they appear, selecting of course such phases of life as have dramatic interest. They desired to put Romanticism and Idealism behind them and to show where society stands and whither it tends. Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert, one of the first of this school. He was born in 1850 and died in 1893. In early life he was apparently strong and robust, but later he fought with insanity and death. This fight made his work somewhat gruesomely pessimistic and realistic. Nevertheless as a maker of compact phrases, as a master of concise diction, as a finished stylist he is one of the greatest of nineteenth century novelists. His short stories were originally published in sixteen volumes, while his novels are eight in number.

corne was overcome with a sort of shame at being seen by his enemy looking in the dirt so for a bit of string. He quickly hid his find beneath his blouse, then in the pocket of his breeches, then pretended to be still looking for something on the ground which he did not discover, and at last went off towards the market-place, with his head bent forward, and a body almost doubled in two by rheumatic pains.

He lost himself immediately in the crowd, which was clamorous, slow, and agitated by interminable bargains. The peasants examined the cows, went off, came back, always in great perplexity and fear of being cheated, never quite daring to decide, spying at the eye of the seller, trying ceaselessly to discover the tricks of the man and the defect in the beast.

The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had pulled out the poultry, which lay upon the ground, tied by the legs, with eyes scared, with combs scarlet.

They listened to propositions, maintaining their prices, with a dry manner, with an impassible face; or, suddenly, perhaps, deciding to take the lower price which was offered, they cried out to the customer, who was departing slowly:

"All right, I'll let you have them, Mait' Anthime."

Then, little by little, the square became empty, and when the Angelus struck midday those who lived at a distance poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's the great room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every sort—waggons, gigs, *char-à-bancs*, tilburys, tilt-carts which have no name, yellow with mud, misshapen, pieced together, raising their shafts to heaven like two arms, or it may be with their nose in the dirt and their rear in the air.

Just opposite to where the diners were at table the huge fireplace, full of clear flame, threw a lively heat on the backs of those who sat along the right. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, with pigeons, and with

joints of mutton; and a delectable odour of roast meat, and of gravy gushing over crisp brown skin, took wing from the hearth, kindled merriment, caused mouths to water.

All the aristocracy of the plough were eating there, at Mait' Jourdain's, the innkeeper's, a dealer in horses also, and a sharp fellow who had made a pretty penny in his day.

The dishes were passed round, were emptied, with jugs of yellow cider. Everyone told of his affairs, of his purchases and his sales. They asked news about the crops. The weather was good for green stuffs, but a little wet for wheat.

All of a sudden the drum rolled in the court before the house. Everyone, except some of the most indifferent, was on his feet at once, and ran to the door, to the windows, with his mouth still full and his napkin in his hand.

When the publiccrier had finished his tattoo he called forth in a jerky voice, making his pauses out of time:

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all—persons present at the market, that there has been lost this morning, on the Beuzeville road, between—nine and ten o'clock, a pocket-book of black leather, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it—to the mayor's office, at once, or to Maitre Fortune Houlbreque, at Manneville. There will be twenty francs reward."

Then the man departed. They heard once more at a distance the dull bleatings on the drum and the faint voice of the crier.

Then they began to talk of this event, reckoning up the chances which Maitre Houlbreque had of finding or of not finding his pocket-book again.

And the meal went on.

They were finishing their coffee when the corporal of gendarmes appeared on the threshold.

He asked:

"Is Maitre Hauchecorne, of Breaute, here?"

Maitre Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, answered:

"Here I am."

And the corporal resumed:

"Maitre Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to come with me to the mayor's office? M. Le Maire would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and uneasy, gulped down his little glass of cognac, got up, and, even worse bent over than in the morning, since his first steps after a rest were always particularly difficult, started off, repeating:

"Here I am, here I am."

And he followed the corporal.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an arm-chair. He was the notary of the place, a tall, grave man of pompous speech.

"Maitre Hauchecorne," said he, "this morning, on the Beuzeville road, you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by Maitre Houlbrequé, of Manneville."

The countryman, speechless, regarded the mayor, frightened already by this suspicion which rested on him he knew not why.

"I, I picked up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"I swear I didn't know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"They saw me, me? Who is that who saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and, reddening with anger:

"Ah! he saw me, did he, the rascal? He saw me picking up this string here, M'sieu' le Maire."

And, fumbling at the bottom of his pocket, he pulled out of it the little end of string.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head:

"You will not make me believe, Maitre Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man worthy of credit, has mistaken this string for a pocket-book."

The peasant, furious, raised his hand and spit, as if to attest his good faith, repeating:

"For all that, it is the truth of the

good God, the blessed truth, M'sieu' le Maire. There! on my soul and my salvation, I repeat it."

The mayor continued:

"After having picked up the thing in question, you even looked for some time in the mud to see if a piece of money had not dropped out of it."

The good man was suffocated with indignation and with fear.

"If they can say!—if they can say . . . such lies as that to slander an honest man! If they can say!—"

He might protest, he was not believed.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his testimony. They abused one another for an hour. At his own request, Maitre Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found upon him.

At last, the mayor, much perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would inform the public prosecutor, and ask for orders.

The news had spread. When he left the mayor's office the old man was surrounded, interrogated with a curiosity which was serious or mocking, as the case might be, but into which no indignation entered. And he began to tell the story of the string. They did not believe him. They laughed.

He passed on, button-holed by everyone, himself button-holing his acquaintances, beginning over and over again his tale and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove that he had nothing.

They said to him:

"You old rogue, va!"

And he grew angry, exasperated, feverish, in despair at not being believed, and always telling his story.

The night came. It was time to go home. He set out with three of his neighbours, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the end of string; and all the way he talked of his adventure.

That evening he made the round in the village of Breauté, so as to tell everyone. He met only unbelievers.

He was ill of it all night long.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a farm

hand of Maitre Breton, the market-gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocket-book and its contents to Maitre Houlbrequé, of Manneville.

This man said, indeed, that he had found it on the road; but not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the environs. Maitre Hauchecorne was informed. He put himself at once upon the go, and began to relate his story, as completed by the denouement. He triumphed.

"What grieved me," said he, "was not the thing itself, do you understand; but it was the lies. There's nothing does you so much harm as being in disgrace for lying."

All day he talked of his adventure; he told it on the roads to the people who passed; at the cabaret to the people who drank; and the next Sunday, when they came out of church. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was easy, now, and yet something worried him without his knowing exactly what it was. People had a joking manner while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He seemed to feel their tittle-tattle behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to the market at Goderville, prompted entirely by the need of telling his story.

Malandain, standing on his doorstep, began to laugh as he saw him pass. Why?

He accosted a farmer at Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and, giving him a punch in the pit of his stomach, cried in his face:

"Oh you great rogue, va!" Then turned his heel upon him.

Maitre Hauchecorne remained speechless, and grew more and more uneasy. Why had they called him "great rogue?"

When seated at table in Jourdain's tavern he began to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers shouted at him:

"Get out, get out, you old scamp; I know all about your string!"

Hauchecorne stammered:

"But since they found it again, the pocket-book!"

But the other continued:

"Hold your tongue, daddy; there's one who finds it, and there's another who returns it. And no one the wiser."

The peasant was choked. He understood at last. They accused him of having had the pocket-book brought back by an accomplice, by a confederate.

He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid a chorus of jeers.

He went home, ashamed and indignant, choked with rage, with confusion, the more cast down since, from his Norman cunning, he was, perhaps, capable of having done what they accused him of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known. And he felt himself struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began again to tell of his adventure, lengthening his recital every day, each time adding new proofs, more energetic protestations, and more solemn oaths which he thought of, which he prepared in his hours of solitude, his mind being entirely occupied by the story of the string. The more complicated his defence, the more artful his arguments, the less he was believed.

"Those are liars' proofs," they said behind his back.

He felt this; it preyed upon his heart. He exhausted himself in useless efforts.

He was visibly wasting away.

The jokers now made him tell the story of "The Piece Of String" to amuse them, just as you make a soldier who has been on a campaign tell his story of the battle.

His mind, struck at the root, grew weak.

About the end of December he took to his bed.

He died early in January, and, in the delirium of the death agony he protested his innocence, repeating:

"A little bit of string—a little bit of string—see, here it is, M'sieu' le Maire."

A WOMAN-HATER'S STRATAGEM

By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

FRANCOIS, you may bring me the crimson velvet doublet," said Imbert, the old soldier of fortune, frowning savagely at his lackey; "and the crimson hose from the chest yonder." He settled himself in his high-backed chair with a gesture of impatience: "And the hat with the long plumes, Francois."

"Yes, sir," answered the lackey quietly. "And will monsieur have jack boots?"

Monsieur shook his shaggy black head, while a curious shiver ran through his massive frame. "Not jack boots, Francois, but the low shoes of Spanish leather."

Francois looked up, a protest written on his pale face. He had been in his master's service a scant month—to be exact, since arriving from Paris four weeks before—but his experience had already won him a certain license. "The low shoes of Spanish leather?" he repeated questioningly.

Imbert nodded, and the man brought them with a flourish. "Monsieur said they were to be kept for great occasions," he ventured, fitting one deftly to his master's foot.

The latter watched him carefully as he bent over the shoe. After all, it was possible he had not heard. "I am going to a wedding, Francois," said he slowly, letting the words fall with emphasis, one by one.

The lackey lifted his eyebrows in uneasy surprise, and a tiny scar upon his left temple shone in the morning sun. He had a pair of shifting eyes of greenish grey, set in a colourless face; his chin and lips were ineffectual and weak; but the fingers that held the shoes were long and prehensile and vibrant with energy. "Whose wedding, if your honour please?" he asked with eager curiosity. For weddings were rare in Port Royal—except, indeed, weddings of the rough-

handed colonists with the hard-featured peasant women, whom the king sent each year to Acadie.

Francois' master hesitated, looking slowly about the room at the litter of doublets, dice-boxes and weapons that lay upon the table, at the half-dozen brown leather books upon the wall, and at the pipes ranged carelessly along the mantel—at all the friendly tokens of his bachelor's life. "Whose wedding, Francois?" he at length repeated helplessly; "whose wedding but my own."

The remaining shoe dropped from Francois' hand and clattered noisily upon the stained wooden floor. Next instant he had picked it up and was polishing it on the sleeve of his doublet, sedate and observant as before. "Monsieur will pardon the surprise," he said submissively. "I had not thought he planned it so."

"Dame," cried his master, gritting his teeth at the very suggestion. "I plan it, indeed. Not I, Francois. It was a trick they played me last night in the guardroom—a foolish wager." He checked his anger, and added more quietly, "It is a test of courage, Francois; and though it be a trick I have given my word."

"Oh, 'A test of courage,'" repeated Francois, now busied with the doublet. "And how are you to test that?"

His master leaned back in his chair. "Very easily," he said grimly; "by proposing marriage to the first woman who comes ashore from the supply-ship to-day."

Francois stared open-mouthed at the tidings. He knew the supply-ships by report and the peasant women who came on them to New France. "The women are a poor lot this time," he remarked. "I heard it from one of the crew last night."

Imbert rose to his feet and grudgingly surveyed his finery. "I promised to look my best," he said with a

grimace, smoothing out his tangled black hair. "A poor lot, you say, Francois? Yet His Majesty Henry the Fourth knows a pretty woman when he sees one. Why then does he ship ugly jades to his trusty subjects in Port Royal?"

Francois brought the hat with the long plumes. "It will be very different after this," he ventured.

His master winced. "Very different, Francois," he said gloomily, "very, very different. At least, unless she should decline," he went on, catching at a sudden hope. Then the futility of the thought struck home to him. "They never do decline," he said more gloomily still. "They come on purpose to get married." Then like a man resolved to face a danger bravely, he gave a last look about the room, caught his sword up in his right hand, and, opening the door, strode into the bright November sunshine.

Port Royal, first colony of France in the New World, was perched on rising ground beside Annapolis Basin, a few miles from the swirling brown tide of the Bay of Fundy. At one end of the fortress square was a stone gateway, and at one side four black cannon stood on a rough-hewn bastion worn smooth by the fevered tread of homesick Frenchmen, who from that slender vantage-ground had yearned seaward.

But now, as Imbert issued from his quarters, the square of the fortress, generally full of bustle, lay silent and deserted, all Port Royal having betaken itself outside the walls, to the wooden landing by the shore. There in the frosty morning air, the odd mixture of courtiers and peasants, of scholastic dreamers and reckless adventurers, which formed the population of Port Royal, impatiently awaited his arrival to display its wit. Indeed, he had no sooner come within earshot than the jesting began.

A young gallant, lately come from France, who shivered in the folds of a bearskin coat, affirmed that the cold had frozen women on the voyage over, and that the delay was necessary to

thaw them out, pointing as he spoke to the battered supply-ship from Rochelle, lying sluggishly at anchor. Presently they would come ashore in litters, the cripples foremost. Another, sipping from a wine-bottle as a protection from the raw air, asserted that in Port Royal wives became shrewish from contact with the Indian women. Even the best had been known to grow sullen and fitful in their moods. A third, stamping to and fro, declared marriage to be fashioned on lines similar to a place the curé had spoken of on Sunday, where there was weeping, wailing and the gnashing of teeth. If he was wrong he hoped his happy friend, the bridegroom, would lay it to his inexperience. At this the man with the wine-bottle took another draught; the rest clapped their chilly hands together and looked at Imbert.

He stood silent and heedless in the background, in an inward agony of terror. After his long freedom it had come at last, he thought bitterly after the skilful evasions of thirty years. Though outwardly unconcerned, he was inwardly counting the minutes. The boats from the supply-ship might be half an hour in landing, or they might be an hour. He began to wish they would be an hour at least, even to long senselessly for some mishap to occur. All of which time the idle jesting passed him unnoticed.

"I give you the bride's health, messieurs," said the man with the wine bottle ceremoniously, drinking deeper as he spoke. "May she make our good Imbert happy."

"And preach him no sermons," added the man in the bearskin seriously.

There was a general laugh at this which died away as the vessel's boats began to be lowered. Wagers were given and taken on the colour of the bride's hair, her eyes, her height and a dozen other trifles. The gallant in the bearskin so far forgot the weather as to leave his coat unfastened after having restored his purse. The wine drinker, his bottle at last exhausted, ran hither and thither offering ten pistoles to five that her eyes were dark.

Indeed, a general wave of excitement swept over all save the prospective bridegroom, who remained with one hand upon his sword, gazing listlessly at the white-capped water.

Minute by minute the boats drew nearer the landing, and the crowd there became denser. Soldiers hurried from the recesses of the fort, men from work in the woods, to see the new arrivals; and, from the bastion above, the four cannon roared a riotous welcome.

Presently while he waited the foremost boat landed, and a shout that was almost a shriek arose. His name sounded hoarsely from a dozen throats; as if by magic a lane widened through the crowd; and, looking down it, he espied a diminutive young girl clad in black. Great laughter stirred among the idle gentlemen at sight of her homely clothes, her large feet, her roughened hands. The man with the empty wine bottle raised it grotesquely in air and drank her health in dumb show. "Morbleau, it is magnificent!" he cried, screaming with laughter. "She has already consented."

Imbert strode down the line, which widened at his approach, and paused before the newcomer. "Is it true you will marry me?" he asked gravely, eyeing her with apprehension. The girl hung her head as she whispered an assent, and her blue eyes blinked painfully. The two made such an odd contrast that the crowd was quite convulsed with laughter till Imbert, stamping on the landing, bade them be silent. For he fancied, oddly enough, that there were tears upon her lashes.

In the hush that followed he ventured to demand her name, speaking the while in a voice of unaccustomed mildness. The girl answered without removing her eyes from the rough boards at her feet, accompanying her speech with quaint movements of her coarse red hands. She came from the neighbourhood of Rouen, and her name was Cosette.

"A good enough name," said Imbert lightly, determined to hide his chagrin from the onlookers. "Have

they told you the curé marries us to-night?"

She nodded, and, raising her head, flashed a glance from her half-lit blue eyes on his face—an odd look of troubled appeal and sorrow that, while it lasted, stirred him strangely despite his cynicism. But it lasted only a moment. Then her gaze fell on his crimson doublet. For the first time she comprehended the disparity of their dress; she seemed to grow even smaller and shrink within herself; and, looking once more down, she whispered hopelessly, "I am not half grand enough."

A roar of laughter rose from the listeners. The bye-play was really very amusing. But the girl did not seem to find it so for her lips quivered; nor did Imbert, whose hands began to tremble ominously about his sword-hilt. "Make room," he called angrily a moment later, drawing the blade from the scabbard. The discomfited spectators shrank back; and, offering his arm to Cosette, he led her away, only pausing on the outskirts of the crowd to say with an angry flourish of his sword, "Till to-night in the chapel, messieurs all."

After a few steps the girl began to shiver in the raw air. "Sapristi, you are cold," observed Imbert, with an uneasy glance at her thin dress. The girl made no reply and they went on a few steps farther. "You are very cold," cried Imbert, more uneasily still. And, removing his doublet, he threw it, with a bachelor's awkwardness, across her shoulders.

Five minutes later they were in his rooms, standing before a blazing fire. Here Imbert resumed his doublet with a gloomy frown. Francois was strangely absent, and he had counted on him to explain to the girl her household duties. The new situation, as developed by Francois' absence, was irksome in the extreme, and to hide his confusion he flung himself on a bearskin before the fire, motioning her to a chair not far away. Then he lapsed into apparent forgetfulness; in reality, watching her closely through his half-shut eyes.

She sat with her red hands clasped idly on her lap, silent and still. For aught her attitude disclosed she might have sat there patiently for years. Indeed, patience seemed to be her prevailing characteristic. It showed in a multitude of ways; in her partially averted face; in her downcast blue eyes; in the unconscious sloping of her shoulders. Shadowed by her dingy dress, her face appeared paler and more thoughtful than it perhaps had a right to, but it was, in most respects, a pleasant face, with curves about the chin fine ladies might have envied. But what most set Imbert wondering was the air of hopeless submission emanating from her. He had never seen aught so strange. Finally, with a jerk he propped himself on one elbow. "What made you say yes?" he demanded.

Cosette looked at him as he lay in his finery on the rug. "I don't know," she said slowly, rising to her feet. "They asked and I answered, and then you came and I answered again." She ended with a long-drawn sigh, and, turning away, began arranging the dismantled room.

Imbert eyed her as she moved to and fro amid the litter of weapons and books; hanging up some, placing others on their shelf, dusting all with care. In a moment she had brought into the place a new element of order that affected her grizzled host oddly. He rubbed his black eyes with astonishment. "Sacre, but you are neat."

"I was well brought up," cried the girl proudly. "I had a fortune left me by my father."

"Oh, oh!" said Imbert, more astonished still. "A fortune!" He moved to a new position on the rug, as if to adjust himself to this novel turn of affairs.

The girl nodded and covered her face with her red hands. While he looked a tear stole through her fingers, and fell noiselessly upon the furstrewn floor.

Here was a dilemma for a man untaught in woman's ways. For a time he moved uncertainly upon the rug,

then, to check her sorrow, began roaring a wild sea-song; and this not proving efficacious, took to explaining her duties as housewife. There would be this apartment to attend and the one adjoining; meals to cook, and clothes to brush; and that was all, except that she must never grow shrewish or quarrelsome. On this last point he particularly insisted.

Presently the girl dried her eyes and finished her self-appointed task. Then, throwing more wood upon the fire, she sat before the blaze in silence on the opposite side of the hearth. The firelight, dancing athwart her, threw her coarse feet and roughened hands into bold relief, beating upon her faded black dress with a grim persistence that accentuated its age and dinginess.

"So you had a fortune," Imbert carelessly observed, wondering what might constitute a fortune in her mind.

"Yes, monsieur, a fortune."

"How many francs?"

"Two hundred," said the girl, drawing a deep breath. "You are rich," said Imbert politely, though he often ventured greater sums on a single dice-cast.

The answer to this remark was a sudden storm of tears that shook her slender frame so strongly that Imbert became alarmed. Kneeling beside her he drew her brown head awkwardly on his shoulder and tried, more awkwardly still, to stroke her roughened hands. But Cosette, curiously enough, shuddered at these clumsy endearments. A flush came to her pale cheeks; she pushed aside his hand, saying sadly: "It comes back to me now, and with it the sorrow." She paused a moment—then wrung her hands. "And such beauty, monsieur, as my Francois had, such grace."

But Imbert had now begun to weary of this petty storm. The pleasant solitude he had lost struck forcibly upon him, the quiet hours with his pipe and books. "Oh, oh," he said with indifference. "This fine Francois lost your fortune for you, I wager."

"But his eyes," the girl to his great amazement burst out furiously. "Such eyes!"

"*Pouf!* eyes, indeed!" retorted Imbert with contempt.

"Great grey eyes like the saints must have," cried the girl in rapt accents.

All his old detestation of the sex awoke, all his ingrained horror of their changeful moods. With the feeling of a nightmare upon him he sat and waited.

"Oh, monsieur," went on Cosette, carried away by her recollections, "if you had only seen him that misty morning. The sun was hidden in vapour, so that, as I milked the cow beside the door, a dull grey cloudland shut me in. A muffled stillness lay upon the whole world, when suddenly his step surprised me, and the gloom opened as though a flash of lightning had pierced it. I looked up and there he stood, hat in hand, bowing as if I were a princess. 'Mademoiselle Cosette, I offer you my most respectful homage,' was what he said, and to this day I recall each word. 'I am your distant cousin, Francois Bellefontaine, come hither on a visit from Paris.'"

At mention of the name a curious gleam of interest flashed from Imbert's black eyes. "And was he?" was his lazy question.

Cosette nodded. "But I had never seen him before," she explained. "He had gone to Paris as servant to some great gentleman, when I was but a child. And now he was so gallant and kind, carrying in the milk-pail and bearing down even my mother with his grand airs. Nor would he allow her to scold me again, sitting with his arm about my waist and calling me his cousin."

"She scolded?" interjected the man.

"Always," answered the girl wearily. "She was angry about the money my father had left me, and she led me a hard life. Everyone knew; even Francois had heard of her jealousy about my fortune, and he was sorry. I could see it in his eyes, those beauti-

ful grey eyes. Oh, he was truly sorry, monsieur."

Imbert became impatient. "I know the rest," he interrupted quickly. "He swore he loved you and you were fool enough to think so."

Cosette demurred. "I still think so," she said with decision. "It could have been no other way with those wonderful eyes, so true and tender. But all men can be tempted, and temptation came to him; and then he ceased to love me. For if he still loved me would he have yielded?"

A wave of the hand was Imbert's sole answer, and the girl went on with deepening voice.

"Everything was ready. We were to be married by the curé on the morrow. That night he took charge of my fortune—it was in a little bag of green—lest in the bustle of the marriage it should be forgotten. Then kissing me many times, he said good-night, and went singing on his way, swinging the green bag in time to the music."

Imbert's anger rose at the bare possibility of the wrong she hinted at. "You don't mean the scoundrel never came back?" he asked hotly.

The girl's face flushed; she drew back as though the epithet had stung her. "You forget the temptation," she retorted quickly. "The best men yield to temptations."

"Oh," said her hearer curiously, "the best men yield." He pulled thoughtfully at the shaggy black hair, streaked with white, that fell in masses over his shoulders. "You must love him still."

Cosette made no reply. In silence she sat, shielding the glare of the fire from her face with her work-roughened hands, while Imbert went on half to himself. "Then your mother turned you out; you were sick at heart, and took the chances of free passage hither to hide your sorrow in a new land. It matters not whom you marry, so you will marry me. But you love him still, this handsome Francois Bellefontaine, who," he went on slowly, his eyes fixed on her face, "is short

and dark with a round scar on the left temple."

The girl sprang to her feet; her colour went and came; her shoulders trembled. "It is exactly like him," she gasped brokenly.

But Imbert said nothing further; instead he fell into a meditative silence, occupied solely with his own misfortunes. The novelty of their position had now worn off and he had begun to feel the full irksomeness of her presence. To look up and find his gaze blocked by feminine garments, to meet the bright glance of a woman's eyes instead of the solemn stare of his empty chairs, was after all very trying. The excitement of the wager, which at first had borne him up, had now subsided, and he could look calmly into the future. There he saw nothing but a dreary sameness from which he drew shudderingly back. She was piquant for a moment and her sorrows interested—but he certainly would weary of her. And nevermore would he be alone with his pipe, his weapons, and his books. Surely a heavy price to pay for a certain added neatness in the room. Then he bethought himself of his new Parisian lackey, Francois Bellefontaine, and of the scar upon his left temple. The rascal came from the outskirts of Rouen, so no doubt it was the same who had broken the girl's heart. What a droll stratagem to make him marry her at last and turn the tables on these idle lads who had badgered him! And how quiet the room would look in her absence.

With Imbert to think was to act. He rose quickly to his feet, and, disregarding Cosette, strode into the hall without, closing the heavy door behind him. There, walking uneasily to and fro—for he, too, had been at the landing—was Francois. His grandiose swagger was such a palpable imitation of the masters he had served that Imbert found himself smiling at the girl's admiration. The next instant he had caught the rascal by the shoulder and was belabouring him with the flat of his sword.

"Ugh," gasped the man in an agony of fear. "What have I done, Monsieur Imbert?"

But Monsieur Imbert's sole reply was to lay on the harder, his mighty chest heaving at each stroke. When at last his anger was spent he sheathed his sword and stood looking fixedly at the cowering wretch beside him. Then in an instant the humour of the situation struck hard upon him, and he went into a fit of laughter, while with upraised hand he called the saints to witness the man's folly. "Morbleau, had he hid till to-morrow I should have married her." This thought was so terrifying that his laughter ended as abruptly as it had commenced. "You should have run away from Port Royal," he said reprovingly. But the man shook his head. There were dangers in the forests, he stammered, wild beasts and the red savages; he had not dared. And he was afraid Monsieur Imbert might put him to the torture if he caught him again.

There was a momentary silence in the hall, then Imbert said reflectively, "Ay, I know the strange tortures they use upon the Spanish Main, Francois; but they are not for thee. This dragging of the tongue out by the roots is not for thee, or any of the other tortures, rascal—unless thou shouldst ever be unkind. Then north or south, east or west, I would track thee to thy doom." He paused a moment while he drew from his purse two hundred francs and handed them without explanation to the lackey. Then, looking soberly at its reduced size, he said more reflectively still, "They are truly strange tortures, Francois." And the man, green with terror, stammered out, "I will make her so happy, monsieur."

When Imbert entered the room five minutes later they were standing hand in hand before the fire. "See," the girl cried, quite transfigured by her happiness, "my Francois has come back to me, so I cannot marry thee after all. He has always loved me and he has kept my fortune safe, though after losing the green bag he changed the money to keep it better.

Only his shoulders are sore from overwork, my poor Francois." She lingered long upon the name as if it had been the sweetest music, her face glowing with pride. Then the two went out to seek the curé.

Imbert meantime remained by the fire, sunk in a pleasant reverie. A cloud had lifted from his mind. He looked about him. There stood the oaken chairs, encumbered with no

feminine garments as he had feared; his books faced him from the corner with a joyous brownness; his weapons glittered in dumb companionship against the walls. The old feeling of contentment surged over him, resistless as the sea. He felt his slender purse—then tossed it carelessly into the corner, throwing his crimson doublet after it. There were no woman's moods to be considered now.

HER BURGLAR

By ELOISE DAY



MILDRED could not sleep, though the soft mellow warmth and balmy breezes of Indian Summer made this Hallowe'en night soothing as a lullaby. Insomnia had for the time being taken possession of her—perhaps because she had been doing, or trying to do, altogether too much for her slender strength.

She turned with contempt from the counting of sheep going over a wall. She wonders wearily how people can be so foolish. Surely, the people who sleep like tops invent silly futile games for the poor unfortunates who do not.

She got up, went over to the open window and sat down to admire the deserted street now bathed in silvery moonlight. Afar she hears the singing and calling of the students who are parading the streets in hundreds in their usual annual celebration of Hallowe'en.

After a while she feels oppressed by the loneliness and quiet of the night, the absence of sleep and the smallness of her room. Anything for a change. She will go downstairs for a little while into the big drawing-room below. So she wraps herself in a dressing gown and slips her feet into her warm bedroom slippers and glide cautiously down the stairs with

much care, not to awaken the sleeping household.

With the same precaution, she pushes up the blinds of all the drawing-room windows and lets a flood of moonlight into the long room. How ghostly the chairs and sofas look, every object stands out clearly in the weird pale light. She even sees plainly the pictures on the walls.

The students must be coming nearer for she can hear the words of the song they are singing.

They must be very near now, on the next street perhaps, and there seems to be some sudden commotion for the song breaks off abruptly in the middle of a verse, and the voices that only just now sounded so musical give way to the most unmusical calls and yells. While straining her ears to hear the song go on again her attention is attracted to hurried footsteps flying along the quiet street, and the tall figure of a man appears running at full speed.

For a second he pauses in front of the very window from which Mildred is looking and gives a hurried, haunted look about him before he jumps nimbly over the fence into the garden at the side of the house.

Mildred's heart is in her mouth. The newspapers lately have been filled

with accounts of burglaries and highway assaults and robberies of all kinds.

What availeth it now that for long months past she has seen to the secure fastening of all the doors and windows in the house each night herself, even to those in the cellar, when at this very minute there is a dreadful man, a most desperate character, loose and at large in their own garden.

She almost wails aloud (only she is too terrified) as she remembers she had forgotten to push up the little bolt at the top of the French window that opens into the lawn. Probably it has blown a trifle open, an aggravating little way it has that she had often thought might prove in some evil hour inviting to a lurking burglar.

With a decided feeling of relief she sees the substantial (to her just then the delightful) form of a policeman walking quickly up and down across the street looking carefully around him, peering into dark doorways and peeping over fences.

And then all at once a great wave of pity sweeps over Mildred. Mildred has a very tender heart. Pity born all in a moment for that poor hunted wretch in the garden.

Perhaps it is his first offence. This dreadful band of burglars that are such a terror to the town may have got him ensnared and entangled in their toils quite against his will.

If he is caught he will be sent without fail to jail.

Mildred shudders. She has heard it is such a dreadful place, and often makes weak men bad and bad men worse. Of course crime should be punished, but yet that awful jail. If the stern officer of the law crosses the street and looks over their fence he will be certain to see the thief in the bright moonlight, and then he will be caught and sent to that enforced habitation of criminals. At the thought Mildred forgets herself and her fright, forgets everything but the outcast in the garden, and hurries over to the long French window. She finds it, as she had been afraid, slightly open. As

she opens it wide she trembles, but remembers having read of little children not afraid of burglars, and why should she, a big woman? Mildred's friends would have laughed at the "big woman." She looks out into the night and bravely in her sweet soft voice speaks to the astonished man outside.

"You may come in here and hide for a little while. A policeman is looking for you now at this very moment across the street."

Vague and uncomfortable thoughts of compounding a felony and of being an accessory to a crime flit through her mind.

As for him, he advances reverently, cap in hand, fearing that it is a vision that will vanish if he speaks.

He wonders was there ever a Juliet as lovely as this girl in a blue dressing gown with a long plait of fair hair hanging over her shoulder, standing in the moonlight, sweet concern for his fate in her face. As he still hesitates, she goes on a little impatiently:

"You had really better come at once if you don't want to be caught. You may hide here this time, but I hope you will turn over a new leaf and never steal or do anything wrong again."

The missionary spirit that lies latent in all women warming up into life within her. Oh! she thinks, if she could only pluck this brand from the burning.

She sees it is a very handsome "brand" as he steps quietly into the room. At her words a gleam of something else besides admiration shines in his deep grey eyes.

"You are very good; I don't know how to thank you." He evidently has seen better days, she thinks. His voice and manner, as well as his appearance, are unmistakably those of a gentleman. Ah! the pity of it, for he looks quite young. He must be tired after his run, and sitting down herself she thoughtfully requests him to do the same. They have both lowered their voices to almost a whisper. "Is this the first time you have been

guilty?" Mildred asks. As he sadly confesses it is not he lowers his head to hide the absurd gleam that comes again into his eyes. Absurd, indeed, for what is there to be amused at?

Mildred feels rather horrified, evidently a hardened criminal of the worst type and quite used to prison. "Have you never thought of reforming? Has no one ever tried to turn you from your evil ways or read to you in the penitentiary?" she whispered.

"Only once; a bounder with long hair and glasses," he whispered back, a turn for invention he hadn't suspected coming to the surface. Mildred feels quite stern at the levity of the tone.

"You shouldn't criticise anyone that meant kindly. I dare say he was a very good man. What started you on your downward path?"

"I was in love and the girl most cruelly jilted me," lies now coming quite glibly to his lips.

"Poor man!" Mildred sighs.

"She was a beautiful girl," he goes on enthusiastically, "and seemed as good as she was beautiful. She had large brown eyes and chestnut hair."

"Well, if I were you I would just try and forget her," Mildred breaks in, a strong feeling of resentment rising up against the unknown brunette. "I wouldn't let any woman ruin my life—but should just make up my mind to begin over again—working for an honest living and looking forward to that better, brighter life to come." Her voice has grown very sweet and earnest, and he really feels ashamed and thinks what a darling she is.

"Oh! if I could only persuade you—could only help you," she goes on. "What do you do—when you, when you?" She hesitates. Gallantly he comes to her assistance.

"When out of a job, oh! nothing. I just sleep anywhere, and help myself to food and clothes—being used to it you see it comes natural and is quite

easy." She notices that his clothes, although old, are of a good style and cut quite the same kind as her brother and his friends wear. She wishes she dare steal up to her brother's room now to get a suit of his clothes to give this man—but what if it should awaken him—better not risk it. Instead she pulls off a ring she is wearing and gives it to him—he is most reluctant to take it, but she presses it on him, saying it is one she doesn't care for at all and that she has many others. She says if he accepts it she will take it as a sign and promise that he will try to do better in the future.

It will give him some meals and a place to lodge for a little while. She urges him to find some honest employment—and then looking out and seeing no sign of the policeman now—she opens the French window again and bids him good night.

On the Varsity Lawn Saturday afternoon Mildred is one of a large crowd of spectators watching a most exciting match of football between the Hamilton Tigers and the home team. In a scrimmage near where she stands one of the Varsity men with the ball in his arms rolls almost to her feet. In an awful flash of recognition she knows at once her burglar, and he the face of his dreams, the owner of the ring he must send back. The game continues, but one of the team is not playing in his usual splendid form, but makes several stupid muffs.

Mildred in hot resentment sees it all. Hallowe'en students, old clothes, pranks, policeman, flight. Well, if she ever meets him he will see! She does meet him and receives in cold disdain her ring.

Months later, thoroughly repentant, he gets it back again, and in its place Mildred wears a half hoop of diamonds, bright stones that pave the short and pleasant way to a plain little gold one.



WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

A WOMAN

I

YOU say that you are but a woman—you
Who are so very wonderful to me;
You tell me there is little you can do,
Little indeed that all the world can see.
There are no battles on the open plain that
you can fight, as I, a man, can fight;
But who shall say your life is lived in vain
If all my darkened days you have kept light?

Oh little woman-heart be glad, be glad
That you are what God made you! Well I
know
How you have nerved me when the day was
sad,
And made me better—yea, and kept me so!
Be very glad that you, in your white place,
Your little home, with folded hands can be
A silent influence to whose source I trace
The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman! Is there any more
That you have need to be from day to day?
How wonderful to have your heart, your
store
Of purity and goodness, and to say
"One that I love is nobler since I came;
One that loves me is better for my sake."
A woman! Oh, there is no greater name
That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

Mr. Towne expresses herein a most exalted opinion of woman. It rings with true chivalry—the chivalry of a man who generously overlooks all the petty meanness, the frailty and—alas! that it should be necessary—the badness that is in us; and sees only the good. This, surely, is the ideal woman—the woman as she ought to be. It makes one ashamed, and yet better, even to read the verses.

And here is another man's belief, in prose this time. It is from "When

Knighthood was in Flower," written by Charles Major:

A woman—God bless her!—if she really loves a man, has no thought of any other—one at a time is all sufficient; but a man may love one woman with the warmth of a simoom and at the same time feel like a good, healthy south wind toward a dozen others. That is the difference between a man and a woman—the difference between the good and the bad. One average woman has enough goodness in her to supply an army of men.

This, too, voices the soul of chivalry; but in justice to truth it must be said that the author has taken the highest type of woman, but not, I fear, the best of man.

A. M.

DOMESTIC ROCKS

PAPER II

ONE of the greatest sources of worry to the woman in the home is the accumulation of things—things ancient and modern; and this process dates from the very day of the wedding, and often before, when the bride's mother and the groom's mother vie with each other to see which can heap highest musty heirlooms upon the domestic caravan in which the courageous young couple start out across Life's country.

If wise, the two occupants will "travel light"; and it is not always their own fault, for foolish friends follow their departing waggon flinging things after them which are just as useless as the proverbial old boots, making of that which should be free and happy, a weary and tiresome journey.

To begin with, many of the wedding

presents are tawdry or unprofitable possessions, and it would be a good thing if the custom would go out of fashion, excepting for the pretty sentiment which surrounds the gifts. For how can a woman hope for an artistic home when its interior belongings are selected by a hundred different people?

The first and the great mistake is the big, showy ceremony proclaiming the union of hearts, or rather the supposed union of hearts; for the real is seldom accompanied by the noise of drums, the flash of fireworks, or the record in the society columns of "numerous and costly" presents. In fact, quite the prettiest wedding I ever attended, was a quiet little event where only seven people were present, including the official person who tied the knot. Two near friends who felt themselves honoured indeed, helped the bride into her simple gown of white. She was sweet and serious, and the ceremony was very real to her. She loved and revered the man, and hoped to be a good wife to him. She has been, with the reward that to-day he worships her.

In contrast to this, I recall a great affair in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, several years ago, when that fine old building was crowded to its doors with curious women—hardly a man present; and when some girls in the rear, not content with the view ordinarily obtained, climbed upon the back of the pews which cracked beneath their weight; and others in the front elbowed their way to a place upon the very steps of the altar and crawled over the sacred font, in order to peer into the faces of the wedding party.

Think, too, of the money squandered on the big wedding, a sum which would go far towards paying for a comfortable home, or defraying the current expenses of the first year.

There is no doubt that the fear of not being able to support a wife, up to the present-day demands of the ordinary woman, keeps many a young man from taking the step. Instead of being willing to start where her mother did, many girls seem to think they

should start at a point reached by their parents after years of struggle and deprivation. They insist upon having things too easy, seemingly unwilling to deny themselves any luxury.

But fortunately this does not apply to all womankind. There are girls brave enough and loving-hearted enough to enter the married state on \$800 a year, and even less, much depending, of course, upon whether the life is begun in the country or in a large town. The disadvantage of the city is that it is so difficult to find a small house in a nice locality. This has led to the huddling together of families in flats—called by courtesy "apartment houses." Three of such buildings are already in operation in Toronto, and it remains to be seen whether it will be destructive to home life or not.

But I have wandered away from the first point, and that was: the accumulation of things going on daily in the home, and which should be fought against with all the force of character the young housewife can muster; for after the habit of hoarding up things is once formed the only cure for it is to move from house to house. By this means, she learns by experience to discard everything that is not absolutely necessary.

Old friends, old wine, and *some* old books may be good, but don't, I beseech you, treasure old clothes, dilapidated furniture, or old broken china. Go through your wardrobe once a month and throw out every article of wearing apparel that you are not perfectly sure of needing again. Let the ragman in your lane or the heathen outside the pale, have the benefit of the doubt; but above all, don't leave them hanging around for the undeserving moths to devour.

Quaint furniture doubtless pleases the eye when viewed in another person's house or in the antique-shop window, but it gets on your nerves when you yourself are responsible for the care of it. The same with china. Of course, if it is the only proof you can bring to convince fashionable call-

ers that your great-grandmother was a lady, by all means keep the old china in a glass case in the drawing-room. But if your own conduct is unassailable, and your manners good, bring forth the pretty wares and use them on the daily table where they will give constant pleasure; otherwise they may but serve as a bone of contention in the hands of ungrateful children when you are dead and gone. A. M.

If you put a thing carefully, safely away,
You're sure not to find it when wanted next
day.

—Housekeeper.

THE BADGE OF COURAGE

IF you have received some hard blows in the arena of Life, deserved or undeserved, don't run into the public streets, hugging your bruises and crying out for redress. Either receive the blows without flinching, or—keep out of the arena.

Women, *look* happy! Even if you do not feel so. Some people—they of diseased consciences—may tell you it is living a lie. These grim, sour-visaged people are themselves an answer to their own accusation. But, again I say, wear a smile! It is the badge of courage which will cheer your disheartened comrades in the endless struggle.

A. M.

JAPANESE WOMEN

IN an article published in *Harper's Weekly*, Mrs. Sadazuchi Ucleida, wife of the Japanese Consul-General in New York, says: "The women of Japan do not go out and fight to-day as they have done on rare occasions in the past. We had an Empress once who led an army into Corea and fought at the head of her soldiers. And even in the last century, when the Shogun made his last stand against the Mikado, nearly a thousand women and girls belong to families attached to the Shogun fought behind and upon the castle walls, and many were killed.

It is different now. Only the men go out. But there is much left for the

women to do, and there is not a woman in Japan who will shirk her duty. Not only must she take care of the family while the men are away, but she must work for the soldiers. Our Empress herself is the patron of the Japanese Red Cross Society, whose President is always a prince of the royal house. The women who act as nurses must lay aside their kimonas and wear the regular dress of a hospital nurse. Both before and since the war with China, the women of Japan have attended the hospital training schools where instruction is given by American and European nurses, and there are now no better nurses in the world than those of Japan."

THE IMPOSSIBLE

I WOULD sing of My Lady's eyebrows
As poets did of old,
But I brushed them with my handkerchief
And found that they were *coaled*.

I would chant of My Lady's tresses
With hue so wondrous fair,
Had I met her not, in a down-town shop,
Where she went to *buy* that hair.

Of her pearly teeth would I poetise
As lovers did long ago,
But I treated My Own to caramels—
Her pearls *came out* in a row! —Selected.

CITY AND COUNTRY

A MAN and a maid met in a country lane as they had daily done for many weeks. The man of affairs had wandered into the country quietness from a big, noisy city, to hunt and fish. This pretty farm lass, about whom all the neighbourhood lads were wild with love, charmed him from rod and gun.

He would show these other fellows a thing or two. He would tame this saucy little lady. It did not take long. Any man can do a feat like that.

The city beckoned to him. It was September. The mart needed his presence. But it bothered him—the thought of breaking this tie. The inevitable scene would be rather a bore.

"*Au revoir*, little lady," said he, tak-

ing her trembling hand. "I must be off to the city. I hate awfully to leave you, but—"

She put her other hand over his in an impulse.

"No," she cried; "you can't go!" and her heart lay bare in her words. She had not realised that he would have to go sometime. She had been dreaming and drifting.

But now she was awake. She released his hand and smiled bravely up into his face. He was so tall and handsome.

"Of course, you must go. . . . But I couldn't help feeling bad. . . . You have been so very kind to me. . . . I have had such a good time this summer."

And with a firm hand over her heart, hiding the fatal wound, she smiled again, and lightly said "Good-bye."

A. M.



MRS. R. L. BORDEN

MRS R. L. BORDEN

LADY MACDONALD and Lady Laurier each proved herself equal to the task imposed upon her by the official position of her husband at Ottawa. Every person knows how much Sir John owed to the strength of character possessed by his wife, and most people know that Lady Laurier has been equally helpful, though not in quite the same way, to Sir Wilfrid. Both ladies have a prominent place in the temple of Canadian affection.

Mrs. R. L. Borden, whose portrait is presented this month, may some day be the successor of these two well-known ladies. Her husband, now Leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, may some day be Premier of Canada, how soon only the electors and the fates may decide. Those who know Mrs. Borden say that she will not be found

wanting if her opportunity arrives.

Laura Bond married Robert Laird Borden in 1889, seven years before Mr. Borden entered the Dominion Parliament. She has always been foremost in women's work, and for some years was President of the Halifax Council of Women. She is president of the Aberdeen Association, vice-president of the Women's Work Exchange, and a corresponding secretary of the Associated Charities of the United States. At Pinehurst, her Halifax home, she has had the honour of entertaining many prominent people, including the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto.

While this page is being prepared, she is accompanying her husband on his electioneering tour through the Province of Ontario, and will continue to accompany him through the approaching campaign.

Current Events Abroad.

NEXT month our Southern neighbours will decide who shall be their ruler for the next four years. The frequency with which the event takes place deprives it of much of its significance, but the least reflection restores it to its meaning and magnitude among the events of the globe. The prestige and scope of the office increases with the vastness of the community over which the Presi-

dent reigns and the multiplication of the persons over whose fate he gains control. We undoubtedly magnify his powers in this direction. His power is an autocracy tempered by the party bosses, and when we hear of a new President chopping off official heads by the scores of thousands the theory that the working of the guillotine is his personal act is as great a political fiction as can be found in the usages of constitutional monarchies. The aim

of the framers of the United States constitution was that the powers of the President should be checked by Congress, and that the powers of the Congress should be checked by the President. In practice the best designed provisions of this kind are upset. The power to declare war is reserved wholly to Congress. Yet, as we saw the other day, the President took action on his own responsibility, which might have involved the country in war or subjected it to almost intolerable humiliation. Had Colombia the inclination or the power to resist the President's action by force there would have been war or a pusillanimous back-down. It need



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Republican Candidate for Re-election to the office of President
of the United States of America

PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

hardly be said which the United States people would have chosen.

No restrictions, therefore, can be certain to work, so that as the nation grows and becomes involved, as it is becoming more and more involved, in international politics the opportunities of the President for doing good or evil are being enormously enlarged. The world can scarcely look with indifference, therefore, on the event that throws the people of the Republic every four years into the fever of a great election. It must be said that the fever this time is of the milder

type. What does this portend? For a time Judge Parker's candidature suddenly flared up with great brightness. His telegram to his friends in the Convention refusing to accept any paltering with the sound currency question had the effect of blowing the moral enthusiasm of the country into flame. To the outside observer, however, this generous blaze seems to have died out, and a certain apathy has settled down on the Democratic forces. If there is a corresponding apathy in the ranks of their opponents it is the apathy of certainty, and if it is, a cool and unemotional estimate of the situation would seem to justify it. There is no disguising the fact that the modicum of swagger with which the President leavens his foreign policy commends itself to the vast majority of Americans, and that this

will be seen when the votes are counted.

The untamed spirit of a young people is still the predominant note among our neighbours. Lessons learned by one generation are very imperfectly transmitted to another. The Americans of to-day see even so recent a thing as the Civil War through a mist of romance. They cannot realise how the words of the old war-song appealed to the men and women of that day:

"Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Waiting for the dawn of peace."

The weight of a straw, the mere promptings of national lustiness, or the faintest suggestion of wounded *amour propre* would enable the "war hawks," who are never quite asleep, to hurrah that great nation into battle as easily



MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER
PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON



ALTON B. PARKER

Democratic Candidate for U. S. President

PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

as if they were a band of Pawnee Indians. I believe that to be the fact, and it is one that is worth pondering deeply. Theodore Roosevelt is the incarnation of that spirit, and I think his election by an overwhelming majority will show how well he represents his countrymen.



Judge Parker and his friends have been dwelling on the sacredness of the law and the constitution, and President Roosevelt's tendency to ignore both of them. It is doubtful, however, if a more unreceptive audience to such appeals could be found in the world than the people of the United States. In all parts of that country carelessness as to the letter or even the spirit of the law is a distinguishing characteristic. With the manner in which law is defied

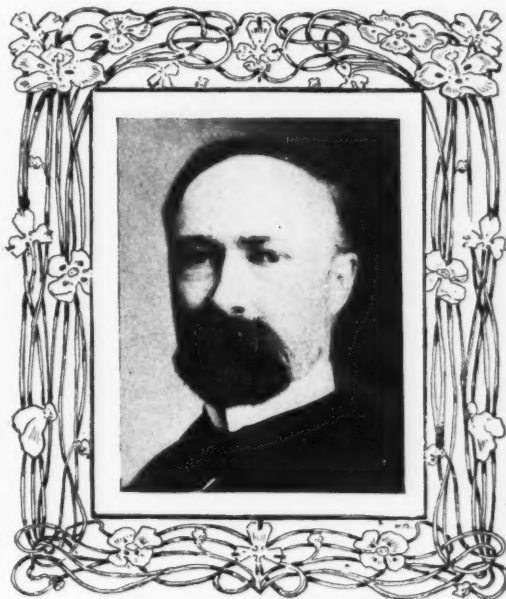
in the South we are all familiar. With the maimings and shootings and inherited and transmitted vendettas in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky the United States press is occasionally full. A blazing instance of the general disregard of law has recently been furnished in Colorado. The miners in that State have had trouble with their employers, and as a consequence carried on for many months a system of terrorism enforced by brutal beatings of non-union men, and wholesale murders. Mines and mine buildings were dynamited and great destruction of property

caused. The feeling of the community was at length brought beyond the point of endurance by a crime of peculiar magnitude and diabolical cruelty. While a number of non-union miners were congregated on a railway platform, waiting for a train to convey them from their work, dynamite was exploded underneath, by which thirteen were killed outright and others horribly mutilated and maimed. Public indignation reached the point of boiling over, and in the Judge Lynch manner 180 union miners who were suspected of being the chief of the agitators and conspirators were rounded up by the Citizens' Committee and told to get out of the State on pain of being shot or hanged.



The case is referred to as being a

symptom of a state of social ill-health. Mark the remedy which the citizens prescribe for the trouble. Lawlessness on the part of the offenders is met by lawlessness on the part of the citizens, who doubtless flatter themselves that they are the repository of law and order. The fact is that the old remedy of hunting out the perpetrators of crimes and treating them to the regular regimen of judge and jury is becoming played out in the United States. To a people in this condition Judge Parker's appeals against President Roosevelt's irregular acts will be simply a bore. Some of the Democratic papers see this, and are telling the candidate that he must make a campaign on some living issues. The *New York Times* suggests reform of the tariff and reciprocity with Canada.



SENATOR FAIRBANKS
Republican Candidate for Vice-President

The President seems ready to meet him on these issues. He takes no hesitating position on the tariff. In his letter of acceptance he regrets "that the protective tariff policy which during the last forty odd years has become part of the very fibre of the country, is not now accepted as definitely established." And he twits his opponents with the jibe that if they think the system is "robbery" they ought to be more explicit in their platforms in regard to it. This is good criticism. The fact is that the Democrats just say enough about the tariff to incur the hostility of the protected interests, but not enough to win the support and confidence of those who are not benefited by it. It is the only real question before the American people, but the Democrats have not the courage to take it up. If Bryan had devoted his talent to it

subject instead of 16 to 1, it would be by this time the great national question. There can be no doubt that the majority of Americans agree with Roosevelt that to uproot and destroy the protective system would be "to insure the prostration of business, the closing of factories, the impoverishment of the farmer, the ruin of the capitalist and the starvation of the wage-worker." Thousands of Democrats believe it also. Protection can only be attacked by a party formed upon that issue.

The birth of an heir to the throne has not changed Russia's luck. After a tremendous battle at Liao-yang Kuropatkin has had to retire still further north. He deserves credit for having been able to withdraw his troops and their stores in comparative order. At the time of writing he is, of course, not out of danger, but every day makes



HENRY G. DAVIS
Democratic Candidate for Vice-President

him safer. He is meeting his supplies while the Japanese are daily getting further away from theirs. He has full use of the railway, while the scarcity of locomotives is much curtailing the usefulness of the railroad to the Japanese. Those who have studied Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812 will find some points of resemblance between that campaign and this. There as here the Russians kept retreating, giving battle at Borodino. The French were credited with a victory there, but it was a victory almost as costly as a defeat. The Russians were not cast down by it, but resum-

ed their tactics of constantly falling back. Even the supreme genius of Napoleon could not keep his army supplied. The country was too poor to support them, with the consequence that his army melted away from sickness and famine, and without being able to bring the enemy to a second engagement, it was compelled to retreat with a remorseless enemy hanging on its flanks and persecuting it day and night. The Japanese will have the same problems to solve, but there are conditions which will make it easier for them to do so. In the first place, Oyama has a force much more easily fed than Napoleon had; secondly, he has a railway line to aid in the work of carrying supplies and of relieving him of his sick and wounded.

The advantages of a winter campaign are so obvious that we may be sure the Japanese commanders will attempt to prosecute it. If they allow Russia six months' rest, they will have to begin all over again.

The resolve to send the Baltic fleet to the East is a counsel of despair. When all the facts are considered, but particularly the fact that when it arrives there it may have no port to which to repair, it must be thought that this is truly Russia's forlorn hope. It is a splendid exhibition of dogged resolution, and is perhaps the only thing that could be done.

John A. Ewan



PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

CANADA'S RAILWAYS

THE Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company has been organised, with Charles M. Hays, General Manager of the Grand Trunk System, as President. The new directors have been taking a trip across the continent to spy out the land, to interview the various provincial governments, and to learn something more definite about Port Simpson as a Pacific coast harbour. The map, which accompanies this issue, shows approximately the general course which the railway will take. It also shows that this undertaking is one of the largest works ever projected by any nation. This railway will cost almost as much as the Panama canal or the Trans-Siberian railway constructed by order of the Emperor of Russia. The western section will be built by the company itself, and the eastern by the Dominion Government. The whole road will be operated by the Company.

While this enormous expenditure has been decided upon by a progressive and optimistic nation, there are other railways showing great activity. The Canadian Northern is pushing two lines from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and other extensions. The Canadian Pacific has asked its stockholders to sanction the issue of twenty-five million dollars of new stock to continue improvements which have during recent years made up an expenditure of thirty-two millions.

In ten years Canada will have three transcontinental roads, if no merger occurs. These three lines will mean that there will be three strong companies interested in opening up and developing her unsettled lands, and in extending her internal and external trade. That this influence will be stim-

ulating only a pessimist could doubt.

There is hardly a country in the world where the moral, social and material progress equals that of this country in its present stage. Much has been written of Japanese progressiveness, but it can hardly exceed that now being exhibited by the Canadian people. Any one who reads Mr. Wicher's article on Japan in this issue will see there a description of a blemish in Japanese life which has no counterpart in this country. Indeed, without being ultra-patriotic, one might assert that Japan has been overpraised and Canada underpraised. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that in twenty-five years from now there will be less disparity between the populations of the two countries than there is to-day. In railway building, which is the text of this paragraph, Canada is even now in a position which is vastly superior to that of Japan.

The progress of Japan means the progress of Canada, to some extent. A considerable portion of the trade between Japan and Europe must pass over the Canadian railways. We already have steamers connecting Yokohama and Vancouver — Canadian steamers, not Japanese, mark you. We have several lines of steamers connecting Montreal, Quebec and St. John with British ports. Canada is in a position to compete with the United States for this trade, and the three Canadian transcontinental railways will be an element in that competition.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY

SOMETHING should be done to infuse new life into the Royal Society of Canada. Since Sir John Bourinot died it seems to have even

less life than it had formerly. Its meetings this year at St. John, N.B., were lamentable failures, few of the sections being strong enough to hold meetings. Dr. Dawson is a man of culture and experience, but he is not likely to prove of much value as a secretary. He has too much other work, and he is out of touch with the world. A younger and more energetic man is necessary for this responsible position.

An incident which shows the state into which Dr. Dawson has fallen occurred in St. John at the unveiling of the tablet to Champlain and De Monts. A few prominent men and about threescore ladies had assembled to witness the ceremony, all of whom had to stand as there were no seats. The addresses were brief and to the point. Then Dr. Dawson was called on to read a poem in honour of the Discoverers. He read in a low voice and at the end of five minutes people began to exchange significant glances. At the end of ten minutes they were angry and began to leave. At the end of fifteen minutes even Dr. Dawson's friends and admirers were wondering whether he had lost his senses. The poem was finished in something less than half an hour. Such an incident might be permissible in the days of Homer, but poor Homer would find few listeners did he live in these days. They would advise him to send his poem to a printer and have some copies struck off for distribution.

The other day the British Association met in Cambridge, and the occasion was a notable one. Mr. Balfour's address on "Reflections on the New Theory of Matter" was one of the leading features, and seats were at a premium. On the platform were such men as Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Huggins, Sir Norman Lockyear, Sir William Ramsay, Lord Alverstone, Sir Robert Ball, Sir Arthur Rucker, and a score of professors and prominent educationists. His paper was ponderous, but still such as one

might expect to find in a leading review or magazine. It was printed next morning in all the leading London papers and commented on by the editorial writers. It was not written down to the public, but it was not beyond them. Above all, it showed Mr. Balfour's profound interest in scientific and philosophic problems.

England's Premiers have, most of them, been men of learning. Lord Salisbury's ability was recognised when he was elected President of this very Association which Mr. Balfour was addressing. Lord Rosebery is another literary premier whose historical knowledge is beyond that of even prominent professors of history. Mr. Gladstone's many volumes are permanent evidence of what was patent to all while he lived. Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, was a novelist of high rank. Lord Derby was a classical scholar of repute. With such men does Great Britain fill her highest offices.

In Canada we cannot expect so much of our premiers and public men. Most of them commenced life at the plough, the school teacher's desk, or in some other humble employment. Few of them have even a university education; few have any taste for literature or science. Usually they are practical politicians, famous because they know how to manipulate a busy public.

Yet these men have been fairly generous to the Royal Society, and if they could not read its scholarly papers, they gave it the money necessary to carry on its work. They probably hoped that some day their sons would be members of that Royal Society—though up to the present time those hopes have had no high fruition. The Royal Society has also had plenty of outside encouragement of a similar kind, and yet its progress has been lamentably slow. It has failed in most of the work which it set out to do—mainly because there have been no successors to rank with Sir William Dawson, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant and William Kingsford.



CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

Newly-elected President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.

It is a task beyond my powers to say what is wrong with the Society, and what should be done to regenerate it. I have a faint impression that its members might popularise their programme and bring it more into touch with the people's interest. At present its meetings are held without creating a ripple on the surface of Canadian life, while ninety-five per cent. of the people are blissfully ignorant of its exist-

ence. Its effect upon the national life is nugatory. Its influence for good or ill is little felt. It but affords occasion for giving a little notoriety to men who cannot stand the real test.

Let us hope that someone will soon infuse new life into it and that it will become what it should be—the parliament of all interested in the promotion of learning and culture among the Canadian people. Mr. Benjamin Sulte,

its president for 1904-05, might do a great deal if he were encouraged and supported. He knows both races well, his historical lore is broad and deep, his knowledge of men and affairs is based on long and ample opportunity. Will Mr. Sulte please do something to make the next meeting truly representative, so that Canada may re-learn that it has a Royal Society with a short but interesting history?

A WESTERN TYPE

THERE are many types of citizens in the Canadian West. The Galician type has received some praise and some disparagement. It is quite certain, however, that there are some very fine men among them. The accompanying portrait shows the features of Eugene Androchowicz, a resident of Calgary, and an educated Galician. He is a large man, standing two inches over six feet and tipping the beam at 230 pounds. He has travelled widely in Europe and Asia, and knows the world just as an educated Anglo-Saxon knows it; and why should not the Galicians be as well educated and as progressive as, say, the Japanese?

EXHIBITIONS

THE Dominion Exhibition at Winnipeg this year cannot be termed a great success. The mere holding of it at that point was an indication of the growing importance of that part of the country. From a mere trading-post to the holding of a Dominion Fair is wonderful progress in thirty-four years; the story of the changes in that period seems like a fairy tale. That the Fair was not what it should have been is due to the newness of the country and the presence of too much optimism in a country where optimism seems to permeate the whole atmosphere. Winnipeg has still something to learn, and perhaps the lesson will teach her that vigilance is the price of victory.



EUGENE ANDROCHOWICZ

On the other hand, the Toronto Fair was as great a success as last year, when it had the honour of being termed the Dominion Exhibition. Over half a million persons passed through the gates, and thirty-five thousand dollars was paid in prize money. The display of live stock was the best ever seen in this country, while the collection of articles "Made in Canada" was even larger than last year. The exhibition of loaned pictures was the feature of the inside exhibits, and attracted large crowds. These included the "Death of General Wolfe," by Benjamin West; "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," by Garner Max; "A Moorish Conqueror," by Benjamin Constant, and "The Last Moments of The Girondists," by Karl von Piloty. The last three were loaned by Sir George A. Drummond, and the first by His Majesty. The interest taken in these four pictures indicates that Canadian artists have still much to learn, and is clear proof that, however crude our civilisation may be in some respects, we have a well-defined taste in matters pertaining to art. The management promise a larger art gallery and a greater loan collection for next year.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

LIFE OF G. M. GRANT

BIOGRAPHY is usually interesting, but Canadian biographies have too often been devoid of life and importance. Pope's "Sir John Macdonald" is sadly marred by partisanship and inadequacy, but yet is a notable work. Alexander Mackenzie's "Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown" is both dull and slovenly. Ross and Buckingham's "Life of Mackenzie" is admittedly diffuse and unsatisfactory. McCurdy's "Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell" is long and tedious. And so one might go through the lengthy list, of which the volumes mentioned are the best.

Mr. Willison's "Laurier" marked a new epoch, even though it had the limitations imposed upon it by the fact that the subject of it was still living. It undoubtedly raised the standard of Canadian biography. Its maturity is in strong contrast with the current immaturity. Henceforth our biographies must be more in keeping with the best models in the language, or be so seriously outclassed as to be useless.

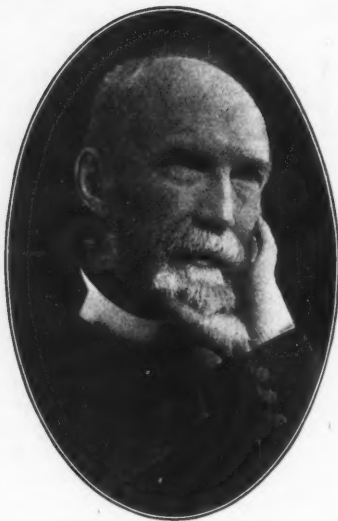
"Principal Grant,"* by William Lawson Grant and Frederick Hamilton, is another work which must be highly commended. It is just a question whether it is not entitled to first place in the list of Canadian biographies. Its style is clear, elevated and yet delightfully simple. The matter is of first importance besides being entertaining. Both writers, though young men, have considerable mental gifts, a fair training in literary work, and an intimate knowledge of the life and work of their subject. Had they produced a work of less importance and less interest, they might still have

done all that the public might reasonably expect of untried writers.

Principal Grant was a man of noble character, splendid parts and high ability, with exceptional opportunities for exercising these qualities. He was foremost in this country as preacher, lecturer, litterateur, university president and publicist. That he had the opportunity of becoming Minister of Education for Ontario and of being president of the University of Toronto, indicates the golden opportunities which come to leaders who are at once broad-minded, forcible and honest. That he declined both honours is to his credit. He refused to join Sir Oliver Mowat's cabinet because he believed that the education department should be kept clear of politics. He refused to become president of the University of Toronto because that might necessitate the sacrifice of the ideals which he had fought for in the upbuilding of Queen's. He also refused the pastorate of St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh, and another excellent offer from the United States with ten thousand a year attached, declaring as he wrote to the Hon. Edward Blake: "I am a Canadian first and last, and mean to share my country's fate, whatever it is." In thus sacrificing material prosperity for those interests which he considered to be in a measure in his keeping, he set an example to Canadians which this people sorely needed.

There were people who thought that Principal Grant was shifty and wily, that he favoured the side which was likely to win, that he had a habit of "standing in" with governments and movements. If any of these doubters still live, they may have their doubts removed by the evi-

*Toronto: Morang & Co.



THE LATE G. M. GRANT

dence offered in this book. He refused to take part in the Jesuits' Estates agitation and the Equal Rights movement. He would not aid an anti-Catholic agitation, though some of his Protestant friends tried to urge him into it. Principal Caven was a prominent leader with D'Alton McCarthy; it is easy to imagine how he would expect support and sympathy from his fellow-worker. In this connection his biographers have paid Grant a splendid compliment, and have admirably met the doubters. One terse and comprehensive paragraph may be quoted:

"When once the agitation had burned itself out, Grant's reputation for wariness stood higher on account of his refusal to ally himself with the movement. It was not wariness in reality, but his power of looking through the clamour of the moment to first principles. The demand that the Quebec legislature be over-ruled ran counter to the principles of provincial autonomy and mutual forbearance, which are numbered among the basic principles of Canadianism. Grant saw this in the midst of a very bitter and exciting agitation."

Some people may still doubt and may challenge "the basic principles of Canadianism" as laid down in this volume. Nevertheless, the shrewdness and ability of the biographers

must be noted. They had to explain why Principal Grant was usually on the right side of public questions, when that other great philosopher and publicist, Professor Goldwin Smith, was just as persistently on the wrong side. They had to explain why he was a friend of Sir John Macdonald, a sympathiser with Edward Blake, and a might-have-been-colleague of Sir Oliver Mowat. The explanation is apparently clear. He was the disinterested spectator, with a cool prescience and calm judgment. When a political party went wrong, he swung to the other side and used his facile pen to point the error and the remedy. He was a student of politics and public affairs, but was not a party man in any sense. "Our party spirit, our selfishness, our localism, our inaction in public life, are at bottom the causes" of trickery and corruption in high places. This was his sentiment as expressed in the *Toronto Globe* in 1891. In 1882 he had expressed a somewhat similar sentiment in a letter to Mr. Cameron: "What a beautiful illustration of my sermon of last April on the way in which party spirit destroys, not only the sense of justice, but even the intellectual acuteness of its slaves!"

Again, Principal Grant was more nearly right in his political judgments because he was an Imperialist. Here is where he parted company with Goldwin Smith, and became more of an active force in the influencing of political thought in Canada.

Those who did not know Principal Grant thoroughly should learn to know him by a study of his life as portrayed here. Living, he was an inspiration; dead, he is a pillar of fire which is leading many Canadians along the higher path—those who knew him as a pastor, those who met in the academy of learning, and those who knew him only through his public utterances.

MERRIMAN'S LAST

STORIES of love and death, revenge and war, with the atmosphere of Spain for the most part, for the rest the

open sea, the heat of the Indian day, the glamour of the Indian night, the oppressiveness of the veldt, are to be found in "Tomaso's Fortune" by Mr. Merriman. But in each of the nineteen that compose the volume is the characteristic note of the thoughtful artist, the philosophy of life that makes all that Merriman wrote effective, the reticence that keeps the reader's attention alert, and that conveys the sense of power held in reserve. The merit varies, but Merriman's worst is never wholly bad; and there are some stories in this posthumous collection which even Mérimée might have been proud to have written. "Sister," the story of the Army nurse who feigns to be the little girl of whom the dying gunner is speaking with "brainless voice"; "A Small World," with its wonderful vista from the heights of Montserrat Monastery, its dramatic duel on the Puente del Diabolo, and its inimitably living innkeeper Antonio; "The Mule," a study of dumb devotion; "Tomaso's Fortune," which would have been far more telling perhaps had the lover lost as Juan Querenzo lost; "Stranded," with its contrast between the two ships' officers and its deep note of self-renunciation—these are the best, but the others are by no means negligible. Here are a few of the thoughts one finds scattered through these pages:—

So far as her vanity is concerned a woman does not grow older by the passage of years, but younger. . . . She will often, for the sake of a little admiration, accept the careless patronage of a man, knowing well that his one good quality is the skill with which he flatters her

* *Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories*, by Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder & Co.



AGNES C. LAUT

On her recently acquired estate, "Wildwood" near Wassaic, N.Y. In the upper right hand corner is a statue placed there by the Oliphant Colony fifty years ago.

There is a certain rough purity of thought which vanishes at the advance of civilisation. And cheap journalism, cheap fiction, cheap prudery, have not yet reached Spain.

Uneducated people have a way of arriving at once at those matters that interest rich and poor alike which is rather refreshing, even to the highly educated.

Whatever our words may be, a human life must ever command respect. Any may (as some have done) die laughing, but his last sight must necessarily be of grave faces.

"They [Englishmen] throw their dead about the world like cigar-ends."

The Scotch do not keep their skeletons at home in a cupboard. They ship them abroad and give them facilities.

That, in fact, is life—to live on without something or other, and work. Than which there is one thing worse, namely, to live on and be idle.

The sea would never give them up now

until that day when she shall relinquish her hostages—mostly Spaniards and English—to come from the deep at the trumpet call.

When the captain thinks of his own boots it is time for others to try to remember the few good deeds they may have done.



BRITISH COLUMBIA INCIDENTS

WHEN it was announced that there would shortly be published in Toronto a book entitled "The Mystic Spring, and Other Tales of Western Life,"* some people expected to welcome a new writer of fiction. The tales, however, have proved to be incidents, and historical instead of fictitious. Yet, to class the book as historical would be unfair, as it is not historical in the ordinary sense.

The author, the Hon. D. W. Higgins, ex-Speaker of the Legislature, went to British Columbia while it was still in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Co. years before it became a Canadian Province. He has lived in it through all the social, political and commercial changes of the last fifty years. Being a journalist, he had the habit of chronicling and studying the tragic events in the life of the colony. He has now collected these chronicles together, and the result is a volume of incidents which illustrates the life of the people in that section of the world. Some of these incidents are stranger than fiction; all are interesting. Mr. Higgins has done for Victoria and British Columbia what Bret Harte did for the Western United States mining districts.

Interspersed throughout these stories of mining speculations, faro-bank robberies, steamship adventures, and social happenings, told in racy style, are little bits of history and description which will enable the reader to know British Columbia better—its progress, geography, topography, landscape and climate; while being entertained he will be informed.

The author makes little pretension of literary style. With him, "the story is the thing."

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.50. Illustrated.

A LADDER OF SWORDS

MANY a pair of lovers in the good old days came to happiness only by "a ladder of swords." To-day there is often a similar struggle, though the sword is displaced as a weapon of offence or defence. There was a dramatic quality in the life of the middle ages that is not equalled in these days; hence Sir Gilbert Parker, like many another novelist, goes back to them for the colouring of his latest novel, "A Ladder of Swords."* The sixteenth century, the Island of Jersey, a Huguenot maiden, a soldier lover in France detained by unjust rulers—these are the elements in the drama. The scenes change later to England, and Queen Elizabeth plays a leading part in deciding the fate of the lovers. It is not a long story, nor very bright; but there runs through it a vein of calm self-reliance and implicit goodness which makes the tone delightfully soothing and refreshing.



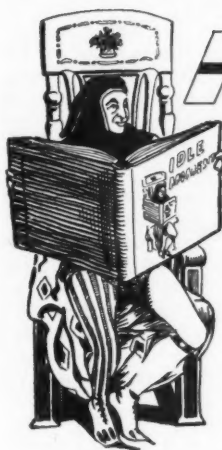
NOTES

"Tales of the St. John River and other Stories,"† by Ernest L. Kirkpatrick, is published opportunely in the year which has been memorable as the tercentenary of the discovery of that noble stream by Champlain and De Monts. The stories are well told, and in every way creditable to this new aspirant for literary honours. Every lover of Canadian tales will find this a worthy addition to his collection of native fiction. The author has a pleasing and simple style and a mastery of plot-making which should carry him far in his art if he will pursue it faithfully and diligently.

MacMillans have announced that they will shortly publish paraphrases and translations from a Greek anthology by Lord Cromer, who apparently has been occupying any leisure that he may have happened to have in Egypt in this distinguished occupation.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 132 pp.



IDLE MOMENTS

OBSERVING

MR. PETT RIDGE told an excellent baby story at the ladies' summer dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club. A lady and her little daughter were walking through Grosvenor Square when they came to a portion of the road strewn with straw.

"What's that for, ma?" said the child, to which the mother replied, "The lady who lives in that house, my dear, has had a little baby girl sent her." The child walked along for a few yards, and then, turning back and nodding at the straw, said: "Awfully well packed, ma!"—*St. James's Gazette*.

RICH

One bright morning Jean and Jeannette find a richly dressed baby in a basket on their doorstep.

They weep and laugh by turns; laugh over their good luck, and weep to think of the wretched mother who has had to give up her child in order to keep her rooms in the apartment.

"Ah, the unhappy rich!" exclaim Jean and Jeannette, with cordial pity.—*Life*.

CROSS BREEDS

A late story of Irish wit is located in New Orleans. An Irishman boarded a train in which every seat except one

was occupied by two people. This seat had as occupants a young sport and a large, shaggy dog. The Irishman stood by the seat expecting that room would be made for him. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded the other, who was poorly dressed, with ill-disguised scorn. At last the Irishman remarked: "That's a foine-looking dog ye have with ye. What breed is it?"

"It's a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," was the sneering answer.

"Sure, then, it's a relative of both of us," was the instant retort.—*Argonaut*.

EDUCATION

You can no more take the need of hard work out of education than you can take it out of life.—*Chancellor Whitelaw Reid*.

Education is a peculiar thing.

It is not for everybody; only for those who work for it.

It is not to be given; only to be got.

It is not a matter of public bounty; but a matter of private effort.

The easier it is to get, the less it is worth having.

But some of us are a long time learning that a man is to be finally reclaimed only in virtue of force which he himself supplies.—*Life*.

"But," remarked a member of the young billionaire's Bible class, "the good book says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Never mind that, my friend. Stick right to business. None of us will have a cent when we get to the gate."

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



The Japanese shells were falling fast
When through a Manchurian village past
A General with a strange device—"Retreatski."
—Toronto News.

THE OBSERVANT BOY

A little friend of mine was spending his vacation in the country with his grandparents. One day not long ago he was walking in the fields with his grandfather, and was surprised to see all the cows chewing their cuds. Not understanding what it meant, he exclaimed:

"Do you have to buy chewing gum for all them cows, grandpa?"—*Albany Journal*.

MODERN METHODS

Medical Examiner—Suppose you should have a patient with some disease which you knew nothing about. What would you do?

Student—Charge him \$5 for the examination, and then send him to you.—*New York Weekly*.

THE PHILOSOPHER

"Do you see any humour in this life?"

"Well, comparatively—yes. That is, there is more humour in it than there is in getting out of it, so I conclude it must be a joke. Though sometimes, I must confess, I laugh when I do not see the point."—*Detroit Free Press*.

CHECKMATE

The late Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim, and, to test him, said: "How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," was the reply.

"What are they?" asked the doctor.

"The inside and the outside," was the answer.—*Argonaut*.

NOT SATISFACTORY

Mrs. Jawworker—So you are going to leave me, Bridget; haven't I treated you like one of the family?

Bridget—Indade, ye have, mum, an' Oi've shtood it as long as Oi'm goin' to!—*Smart Set*.

KNOWLEDGE

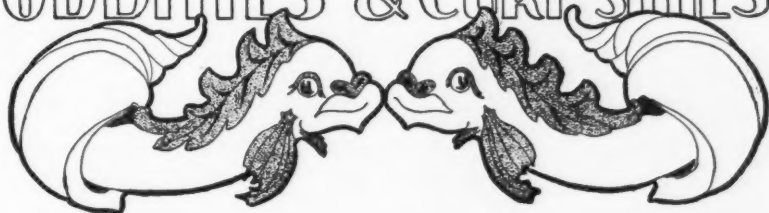
Squire (to rural lad)—"Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one."

Boy—"By teeth, sir."

"Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth."

"No, sir, but I have."—*Selected*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



CARRYING MAIL IN LABRADOR

I WONDER if any readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE receive their letters in the unique way the inhabitants of Labrador do—carried for hundreds of miles by dog team like the accompanying picture shows. The letters and parcels often reach their owners rather the worse for wear after their long journey. What a joyful day in the village when the welcome bark of the dog team is heard, bringing news, sometimes good and bad, to each one of their absent ones! Letters are all the more looked for as they only come once in six weeks. Two mail carriers had a thrilling experience recently. While travelling through a long portage of about thirty miles they came to a deserted hunters' camp about eight o'clock one cold January night, and decided to sleep there instead of going on ten miles fur-

ther to their own camp. While one man was busy unharnessing and feeding the dogs outside, his companion set to work to build a fire. Striking a match, and looking around, he observed a large bundle of birch bark, evidently left by some hunter, lying in the corner. Tearing off some strips, he started a fire and tore some more strips of the bark to make a larger blaze. Suddenly he found the bark wouldn't tear, and, lighting a piece for a torch, he turned to untie the string which was around the parcel, when, to his horror, he found a dead squaw wrapped up in birch bark, and the last piece of bark he had tried to pull was the dead squaw's hair. Some Indians had come out of the interior and left the body there while they went back a distance for their loads and families.

Elise Racey Viel.



HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL BEING DELIVERED ALONG THE LABRADOR COAST



THE GREAT HORNED OWL, LOOKING BACKWARD

A FAMILY OF OWLS

THE first of these pictures represents a family of screech owls. The screech owl is the best known and at the same time the most maligned of all the owls. The best known—for who has not heard his quavering “screech” from a distant grove on a moonlight summer evening? The most maligned—for among certain classes of people he suffers for the misdeeds of his big brother, *Bubo Virginianus*, whose depredations among the farmers’ poultry are only too well known. But to those who know him best the little screech owl has a much more attractive side. Have you ever listened to his song—yessong, for song he has—the sweet and quavering melody that is borne across the shadowy woods on a lazy midsummer day; or that breaks the hush of the deepening twilight on an evening in May, “When all the wood stands in a mist of green?” If not, you have missed one of the rarer delights of Nature’s entertainments.

And besides, the screech owl is, after all, the farmers’ best friend, for he lives almost entirely upon meadowmice, which are so destructive to the fruit trees and the grain fields alike. As the owls are active only at night, it was difficult in securing the above photo to get them to open their eyes, until their attention was attracted for a moment by the striking of a match.

Bubo Virginianus, the Great Horned Owl, is a great rascal, but he is, at the same time, perhaps, the most interesting of all the owls. His great, hoarse owl horn may be heard at twilight in the deep woods, and is a signal of death to the cottontails, squirrels, and sometimes even to the muskrats and skunks. The start of terror in the underbrush betrays the presence of his victim, and the big, black, noiseless shadow falls like a thunderbolt upon his prey. He tears it to pieces and eats it entire, flesh, blood, fur, feathers, bones and all, and a few hours later the fur, feathers, etc., are disgorged in a little round pellet.

One of the most interesting things about *Bubo* is the way in which he can turn his head the full circle, to look directly over his back, as shown in the picture. Another peculiar thing is the way he will feign death if he finds it to be of advantage. He is the arch-enemy of the crows and jays, who take the greatest delight in tormenting him.



A FAMILY OF SCREECH OWLS

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For — Business Men.

WHY NOT A DUTY ON FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS?

THE Dominion Government promised that as soon as steel rails were being produced in Canada it would impose a duty of seven dollars a ton on imported rails. Rails are being produced at the Sault, and the Government's pledge has been fulfilled.

Foreign magazines which contain on an average seventy-five per cent. of advertisements now come into Canada free of duty. Will the Government agree that as soon as magazines are produced in Canada they will impose a similar duty on foreign periodicals?

Seven dollars a ton on rails worth \$28 a ton is equal to 25%. This would mean a duty of two cents on every ten-cent magazine and five cents on every twenty-five cent magazine, assuming eight cents and twenty cents to be the wholesale prices.

Since it is thought right to impose \$7 a ton duty on steel rails, it is equally right to impose a duty of two cents on a ten-cent and five cents on a twenty-five-cent magazine.

But there are greater reasons. Foreign magazines displace Canadian paper, Canadian printing, Canadian engraving and Canadian labour and cost the Canadian Post-office Department hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for mail transmission and delivery, thus enabling foreign manufacturers to reach the fireside of many Canadian buyers and users of first importance and all at the expense of Canada and of Canadians.

Furthermore the presence in Canadian homes of these foreign products tends to injure Canadian patriotism and confidence, by fixing the minds of impressionable Canadians on the activ-

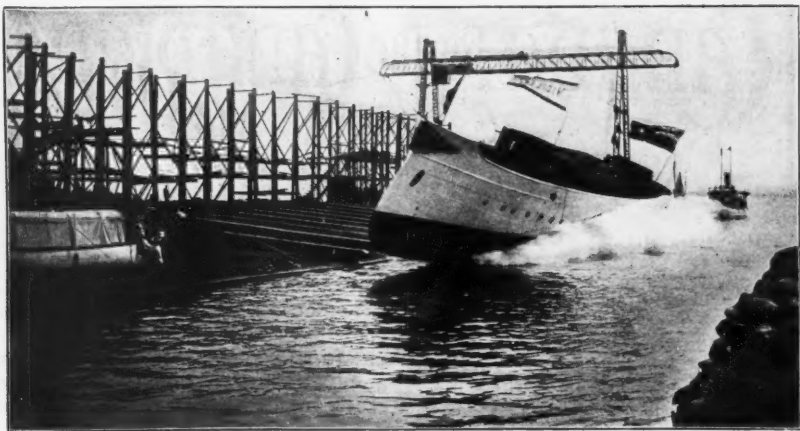
ities of the United States and other foreign fields.

Australia collects a duty of six cents a pound on all imported magazines containing more than fifteen per cent. of advertising. If Australia finds such a duty necessary, then the proximity of the United States to Canada makes it a greater necessity here.

MANUFACTURES AND THE CENSUS

IT is a question whether the manufacturers have not some ground of complaint against the recent census, because some people might be misled. Perhaps the complaint should be made against the census of 1891 on the ground that it went too far in its definition of "factories."

The census of manufactures in 1901 was taken only for factories employing five hands and over, while in 1891 it was taken for works employing one hand and over. To make any proper comparison of the returns of the two censuses, it is necessary to reduce one to the terms of the other. An analysis of the 1891 returns shows that the value of products for works employing less than five hands was \$101,211,163 and for works employing more than five \$368,696,723, the values being in the ratio of 27.45 to 72.55. Computed on the same ratio the value of products of works in 1901, having less than five hands, would be \$132,050,000, and the value of products of all factories and works would be \$613,103,375. In the same census year the value of capital invested in the great natural industries of the Dominion (agriculture, dairying, forest production, minerals and fisheries) was \$1,909,116,550, and the aggregate value of their products was \$511,666,306.



LAUNCHING THE NEW CRUISER "VIGILANT" AT THE POLSON SHIPYARDS, TORONTO

PHOTO BY A. G. SMITH

From this array of statistics, which, by the way, is furnished by Mr. Archibald Blue, the Census Commissioner,* it would seem that in reality the manufactured products of Canada exceed in value the agricultural products. Judged by this standard, the manufacturers are making wonderful progress.

There is another point of view which is interesting if not final enough to be instructive. The number of persons employed in these factories has grown considerably, probably 100,000, and now amounts to 400,000. Let us suppose that fifty per cent. of these are heads of families. Then the total population dependent for a living upon manufacturing would be about a million and a quarter. Add to this number those indirectly dependent on the manufacturing industries of the country, and you have a total of perhaps two million people directly or indirectly dependent upon manufacturing.

There are many people who, if told that the manufacturing portion of the population, was already two-sixths of the whole, would be rather incredulous. Yet here is the evidence that such a statement would not be far astray. The fact that the manufactured products are more than equal to the

agricultural products, as shown above, is confirmatory evidence.

A NEW CRUISER

A FEW days ago there was launched in Toronto a new Government protection cruiser which is to be used on Lakes Erie and Huron. The accompanying photograph shows the boat taking the water for the first time.

Ontario is outstripping the Maritime Provinces in modern boat building. The people of Halifax have desired a shipyard for some time and have been offering a bonus. They forget that bonused concerns are usually short-lived. Their plan is neither feasible nor desirable. In the meanwhile the Ontario builders are laughing up their sleeves at the simplicity of the Halifax Board of Trade. Even Mr. Fielding was forced to declare recently that they were decidedly slow.

This new cruiser is to have a water-line length of 176 feet, a breadth of 22 feet and a draft of eight feet. She will have a speed of 16 knots according to contract, and will carry four rapid-fire guns. The cost, complete with armament, will be \$150,000. The total complement, including officers and men, will be about forty.

* See also p. 523 in this issue.

372 6732



e,

h-
nt
ed
c-
ne
st

ne
g.
a
en
at
rt-
or
n-
eir
ax
ng
ey

er-
22
ill
to
ire
a-
tal
nd